NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872. | VOLUME XX.—No 39. Price Ten Cents.

DEATH OF THE YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY H. B. H.

Lightly, step lightly: the old year is dying—
Softly, speak softly the final farewell:
Garlands all faded around him are lying,
Garlands he hung in each valley and dell.

Gently, move gently: disturb not his sleeping—
Few are his moments, his ending is nigh;
Well has he served us and meet is our weeping,
Fitly we drop to his memory a sigh.

Beauty and joy in his life's early morning,
Promises gave of the incoming time:
Riches and treasure midsummer adorning,
Crowned with fruition his glorious prime.

Quietly, softly, his mission all ended,
Gently and smoothly he passes away;
Let us watch round him, that not unbefriended,
Lonely and sad be the last of his stay.

Silently listen! his heart ceases throbbing—
Shorter and fainter—his breath now is gone;
Silently listen; the low winds are sobbing—
The New Year is welcomed with earliest dawn.

Softly we utter farewells to the dying,
Gently when gone close the once loving eye;
Thus be it ours when in death we are lying,
Friendship may waft to our memories a sigh.

RED SNOW; OR, THE CRIMSON TRACK.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

The day before Christmas our firm received rumors of an alarming nature respecting a house of business at Bristol. We had been engaged in large transactions with them during the year, and the balance in our favor was a considerable one.

This inspired the partners in our firm with much anxiety, and I was despatched to Bristol to have a personal interview with Mr. Septimus Spanker, and see if a little temporary assistance would tide him over the dangerous time. It was in the middle of the day that I received notice of my journey, and had the pleasant prospect before me of spending Christmas eve amongst strangers.

I grumbled to myself, but there was no help for it. Accordingly, I went to the station, to take the train for Bristol. It was just starting as I got on the platform.

The weather was bitterly cold; the ground had been frozen hard for some time, and a thin coating of snow had fallen during the night. Two fellow passengers attracted my attention. One was a jolly, jovial, rollicking sort of fellow, evidently a sailor, from his attire. He could not have been much more than five-and-twenty. A little black bag and a red cotton handkerchief, tied together by the corner, carried all his luggage. The other was quite a contrast to the sailor. Instead of having a good-natured, at peace-with-all-mankind sort of countenance, he was tall, thin, sour looking, cadaverous. He was tolerably well dressed, and had assumed a sleeping posture—his hat being partially over his eyes, his arms folded and his body settled in the seat. But, for all that, he was not asleep. I caught his sharp, small grey eyes peeping furtively around; but they closed instantly and I turned away to contemplate again the sailor, who was infinitely the more pleasant of the two.

"Going far?" asked the sailor.

"To Bristol."

"So am I. Take a pull at this."

I shook my head, and he, producing a flask applied his lips to it and lessened its contents materially.

"I am a sailor," he went on, waxing confidential over the liquor. "Perhaps you've guessed that already by the out of my jib. I've been away four years and now I'm going home. Not empty handed, either."

He chuckled quietly, as he regarded his black bag affectionately.

"See this?" he added, pointing to it.

"I do," was my answer.

"Well, I've a good sum in here. And I'm going home. My father's a farmer; any one will tell you about Phil Harkaway; I'm christened Phil after him."

"Really!" I said, as if grateful for this piece of intelligence.

"And now, what's your move? Going to see your friends, and eat your Christmas dinner with them, I suppose?"

"No, indeed. I wish most sincerely I was," I rejoined, rather bitterly.

"What!" cried the good hearted fellow. "No friends at Bristol, and this Christmas eve almost?"

"Such is the melancholy fact, I assure you. I am going on important business for my employers, and shall, perhaps, be able to get back to town to-morrow, but I cannot tell at present."

"That's bad; strike me lucky, that's bad!" exclaimed Phil Harkaway. "I'll tell you what; we live at Cowpit Farm, and if you like to join our mess, I'll pilot you safe into port."

"You are very good," I said. "But does it not occur that your friends may not like you to bring a perfect stranger into the family circle?"

"Don't let that distress you," he answered. "I'm the prodigal; that is to say, they'll kill the calf to-night, for I've been a long time away, and they're all fond of me, and pretty Polly Blake is watching her eyes out for me, I'll be bound, and if we ain't as merry as grigs to-night, it won't be the fault of the family."

"You have written to say you are coming?"

"Of course. I let them know as soon as we landed. Is it a go?" I hesitated a moment. Then I answered:—"It is. And, believe me, I am deeply grateful to you for your kindness."

"Stow that! You can't tell whether you're grateful till you see what sort of stuff we're made of."

He took another pull at the bottle, and I congratulated myself upon having made so agreeable and profitable an acquaintance so quickly and with such slight difficulty.

Our fellow traveler had moved once or twice uneasily or restlessly during this conversation, and I thought I saw him look at the black bag more than once. What if he should be a man of dishonest intentions? Phil Harkaway looked as if he was able to take his own part, and I hastily dismissed any half formed suspicions from my mind.

After a brief stoppage at Swindon, we went on to Bath and thence to Bristol. I suggested to Phil Harkaway that it would stop at a hotel, as I need to myself I would go to Spanker and Co., transact my business and return to the inn to accompany him to Cowpit Farm. He at once consented, for he perceived that it would, in the first place, be difficult for me to find my way by myself; and, secondly, that it would be more agreeable to me to be introduced by him than to enter as a stranger amongst strangers.

To my surprise, as I was buttoning up my great-coat, preparatory to starting, I beheld our sinister and repulsive companion of the journey down. Owing to his taciturnity, I had almost forgotten him, but there was no mistaking the hard lines of that forbidding countenance. Could he have followed me here, I thought, or had he come here by chance? After all, might he not be acting ungeneriously in suspecting him of evil intentions.

It was a season of rejoicing. Good will should, at Christmas time, reign amongst all men. So I turned my attention to the business I had in hand, without much regret, for the man could not, as far as I could see, do any harm to either of us, even if he were so disposed.

"You're going to be with your friends, then?"

"Not a moment longer than I can help," I answered.

"Good luck to you!" he cried, as I quitted the room, leaving him and the man whose appearance I disliked so much together.

The sky was very heavy, and I fancied we should have some more snow before long. There was all the appearance of it. When I reached Mr. Spanker's place of business, I found that he had gone to his country house at Clifton. Here was a disappointment. I drove back to the hotel, and, calling to Phil Harkaway, told him that I should have to go on to Clifton, adding, "I could not think of keeping you waiting any longer. You must be dying to get to Cowpit; so just give me the direction to your place and I'll run over after I have finished my business."

"Very well," he said. "Listen to me and you'll get the bearings of the farm. So he told me how to proceed to reach Cowpit, being very minute in his particulars, and I felt thoroughly well posted in my way. We shook one another cordially by the hand and I left him to walk through the city and across the fields home. Putting my head out of the window, I exclaimed as a sudden thought struck me: "Mind that tail——"

I paused abruptly. The tall man was standing in the doorway, with his hands in his pockets, regarding me intently.

"What's that you say?" asked Phil Harkaway.

"No matter," I stammered; "I thought I had forgotten something. Good bye again."

And I was driven off, ashamed of my cowardice in not uttering what I had in my thoughts. It may have been fancy, but I imagined I saw the tall man smile maliciously, as he turned on his heel and re-entered the tavern. The drive to Clifton was soon accomplished. Mr. Spanker was at dinner. He promptly admitted me, and listened to what I had to say, which I framed with as much delicacy as I could. Laughing heartily, he exclaimed:—"There is not the slightest ground for alarm. This is a trick played upon me by your correspondent, Brith whom I have quarreled and whom I insulted openly on 'change this morning."

In confirmation of what he said Mr. Spanker produced and unhesitatingly showed me his check book, exhibiting a large balance in his favor.

"The book was made up this afternoon," he added; "and you see I never stood better in my life. Assure your employers that I am very much obliged to them for their kindness in offering me assistance, which I would gladly accept if I stood in need of it."

He pressed me to stay in his house till the next day, or during the whole week if I liked; but mindful of the promise I had made Phil Harkaway, I resolutely refused, though the cosy fire and comfortable dining room were very tempting to a tired and hungry traveler like myself. He insisted upon my taking some refreshment, which I did; after which, I drove back to the station, to telegraph the result of my mission to the private house of my employers, and was ready for my journey to Cowpit Farm.

and now the night had set in with severity. The wind was blowing keen and cold from the northwest and a little snow was falling. I made my way through the city, and pushed on along a bridle path to the farm, which was two miles distant.

The road along the bridle path was so clear that I could not miss the way. All at once the wind veered a point, the snow ceased to fall and the stars shone out bright and clear.

The lights at the farm were not visible until one was close to them, because the house was low and straggling and thick beds of evergreens shut it in. When I reached it I pushed open the garden gate and walked up the path leading through the garden. The door stood open. My footsteps did not make any sound, as it was deadened by the snow. I had to knock with my knuckles before any one came, though I could hear merry, laughing voices in the kitchen or parlor.

Presently some one came out. It was a pretty blonde, whom I instantly set down as Polly Blake. Nor was I wrong. She seemed disappointed at seeing me, and asked me my business.

"Is Mr. Philip Harkaway here?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; will you step inside?" was the answer.

I had forgotten to say 'junior,' but I thought it was all right.

I was ushered by my charming guide into a spacious kitchen, gaily decorated with holly, ivy and mistletoe—a big bough of the latter hanging suspended from a huge rafter, from which were also suspended flitches of bacon, hams, herbs, &c. A jovial company was assembled, and all was mirth and merriment. The girl whom I supposed to be Polly Blake spoke to an elderly man with silvery hair, while I waited on the threshold, hat in hand. In all the company I could not see my traveling companion. Could he have been hoaxing me? It was scarcely possible.

"I am Phil Harkaway," exclaimed the old man, stepping forward and advancing to me.

"It is your son I wish to see, sir," I answered.

"My son!" cried the old man with visible emotion. "What of him? Have you seen him?"

"Seen him!" said I blankly; "we came down to Bristol in the same train, and he generously gave me an invitation to accompany him to your house. I had some business to transact, so he went on first and I followed, fully expecting to find him here."

"He has not arrived," replied the old man, gravely, "we have been waiting for him these two hours."

"It is very odd."

"How long is it since you left my son?" cried the farmer.

I told him, and went into full particulars.

"I can only suppose that he has changed his mind and good naturedly resolved to wait until my return from Clifton," I said; "or he may have had a drop too much, and gone to sleep."

"I doubt that," answered old Harkaway; "Phil is too good a lad for that. Besides, he would be too anxious to see Polly once more."

At the mention of the girl's name I looked in her direction. She was deadly pale. Her agitation fully denoted her concern at her lover's absence, and I felt for her evident distress.

"I will run back to Bristol," I said, "and see if I can find my friend, if I may call him so, and hasten here with tidings."

The tall man flashed across my mind as I spoke, but I forbore to say anything about him, lest I should create alarm in the minds of the farmer and his guests.

"Will you go?" said old Harkaway. "Then good speed to you. Will you have any of us to go with you?"

"No, thank you," I answered. "I know my way now, and, as the snow has left off and the stars are out, I shall be all right. Expect me back shortly, and I have no doubt I shall bring Phil with me."

"God grant it!" said the father, fervently.

Without waiting for any further discussion, which would only waste time, I started on the way back, stepping out briskly, and wondering what on earth could have become of poor Phil. To tell the truth, I was not without uneasiness. During the whole of my walk back I could not help thinking that some harm had befallen my kind, generous, outspoken, seafaring friend.

He wore his heart upon his sleeve, and, what was more dangerous, he made no secret of the treasure he carried with him in the black bag which he had pointed out to me as the receptacle of his wages and prize money—of his earnings for the long years he had been away from home, serving his country on board a man-of-war.

On reaching the inn to which we had put up on our first arrival at Bristol, and where I had left Phil Harkaway, I made inquiries respecting him. The landlord and the waiter in the coffee room could tell me nothing about him, except that he had gone away soon after I left in the cab. He had nothing more to drink, appeared perfectly sober, and spoke hopefully about reaching his father's farm under the hour.

This was distressing intelligence. My suspicions almost became certainties. In going to Cowpit Farm I had noticed a public house on the outskirts of the town, almost in the fields themselves. It was appropriately named the "World's End."

What would be more likely than that Phil Harkaway should stop here to take a last glass of grog before arriving at the farm? Retracing my steps, I entered this tavern, and, describing the sailor, asked if such a person had been seen lately by any one present. The landlord was a surly, ill-conditioned, uncommunicative fellow, but by dint of severe cross questioning, I elicited the following facts:—

Phil Harkaway, or some one bearing a marvelous resemblance to him—in fact, a person answering exactly the description I had given of him—had been in the "World's End" about a quarter past five. Making allowance for the time he would be occupied in walking through the city of Bristol, the time of his arrival at the "World's End" was exact enough.

After drinking some hot rum and water he started, carrying his bag in his hand, and shouldering his other parcel on the end of a stick. The remaining particulars were supplied to me by a working man, who was lounging about the bar at the time of the sailor's departure.

When Phil Harkaway got on the path and proceeded on his way, whistling, a tall man emerged from the shadow in which he had evidently hidden himself. This tall man strode after Phil Harkaway, who was apparently unconscious of being followed. That was all I could learn at the "World's End." It was, however, more than sufficient for me.

By giving the landlord a deposit I obtained the loan of a lantern, resolved to go and penetrate this terrible mystery of the sailor's disappearance. The laborer who had spoken to me volunteered his services.

"I know the country, every inch of it, sir," he said, "and if you think there has been anything wrong done, I may be of use to you, as two are always better than one."

Though not quite acquiescing in this doctrine, I accepted the offer, and we started together, each carrying old-fashioned horn lanterns, through the opaque sides of which the light struggled with difficulty.

The immaculate purity of the snow had been heightened, if anything, by the thin, feathery covering which had fallen between five and six. It was freezing hard, and a bitter blast was sweeping over the country. I was far too anxious to regard the inclemency of the weather.

We had gone about half way from Bristol to Cowpit Farm when my companion stopped suddenly short, and uttered a wild sort of cry, the like of which I never heard before. It was essentially a smothered exclamation of horror.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

The man could not speak. He lowered his lantern, and pointed to the ground. The snow all around was red in patches. It seemed as if a quantity of red snow had fallen among the white vestment with which the earth was covered. This extraordinary phenomenon was not susceptible of any explanation by natural laws.

Stooping down, I examined the red snow, and was horrified to discover that its peculiar appearance resulted from an admixture of human blood, which had stained it the distinguishing color which had alarmed us both. Recovering from the shock, I noticed that a crimson track led towards the left.

"Follow me," said I to my companion. "Some horrible deed has been committed here."

He followed me more slowly. I thought, as I turned round to look at him, that he was either completely upset by the red snow, or that he was trying to recall the bearings of the place in which we were, as a fall of snow often throws people, well acquainted with the country in its ordinary state, out of their reckoning.

CHRISTMAS—1872.

Arrival and Public Reception of Santa Claus.

The crimson track led me about five-and-twenty yards. It stopped abruptly. It neither extended before me, or on one side. What the meaning of this was I could not imagine.

"Stop!" suddenly cried my companion. "For the love of heaven, stop!"

I fell back a few paces, treading the red snow under my feet.

"I know where we are now," cried the man. "I did not recollect for the moment; but it's all clear to me now. Don't advance another inch; it will cost you your life!"

Alarmed at this, I stood still, until he came up with me.

"What is it?" I asked, trembling violently, more from fear of the unknown danger than from the cold.

"Just hereabouts is the mouth of the old pit," said the man.

"The old pit?" I ejaculated.

"Yes," he said. "It was a coal-pit; but the seam being worked out, it has been disused for years."

"Ah!" said I, drawing a long breath.

The abrupt stoppage of the crimson track was now explained. In my own mind I was satisfied that the tall man had followed Phil Harkaway until he arrived at a spot level with the shaft leading to the old workings. Being well-acquainted with the country, he had attacked the unsuspecting fellow, and, overcoming him, dragged or carried him to the mouth of the pit and dropped the body down.

"To the farm! to the farm!" I cried. "We must alarm the inmates, and bring ropes to recover the victim. He may not be dead yet."

Leaving the man to recover from his surprise, and remain or follow as he liked, I dashed away over the red snow in the direction of Cowpit Farm. Its inmates were anxiously awaiting my arrival.

"Well," said old Harkaway. "What news?"

His voice quivered with an emotion he could not restrain.

"Phil has, I fear, been attacked, and thrown down the old pit," I answered. "Bring ropes and lights. The mystery must be solved at last."

So excited was I, that some time before I could make myself perfectly intelligible to the farmer and his friends. Polly Blake fainted right off. While the women attended her, the men, obeying the hint I had thrown out, provided every requisite, and we started for the mouth of the old pit. During our hurried journey I gained this information respecting the disused mine:—

The coal lay very near the surface, and was soon worked out. The shaft was of no considerable depth though the galleries sloped down from the bottom of the opening, and there was supposed to be a good deal of water in some parts of the mine. Bushes and weeds had grown on the edges and on the sides of the shaft, which somewhat choked up the entrance, making it doubly dangerous to a stranger who might be led in that direction at night. Many of the country people and people had occurred, and it ought to have been railed in long ago. But the proprietor of the property being a parsimonious man, it had not yet been done. What was everybody's, was nobody's business.

On arriving at the mouth of the pit I volunteered to descend, if they would carefully lower me with ropes. My offer was gladly accepted. A stake was driven in the ground, a rope placed round it, one end of which was fastened round my body. Then they lowered me down, with a lantern in my hand. In a short time I touched the bottom.

The descent was not a long one, and the depth, as I had been informed, inconsiderable. Slipping the rope away from my waist, I shouted to the men above, while I lowered my lantern, and began to search. Stumbling against something, I regarded it closely. It was the body of Phil Harkaway, bleeding from a wound in the back, inflicted by some sharp instrument, presumably a knife. Although breathing with difficulty, he was still alive, and, I fancied, recognised me.

He made a powerful effort to rise and speak to me, but failed, falling back, uttering inarticulate sounds. I rapidly unfastened the comforter from my neck, and with this and a silk handkerchief, made a shift to bind up his wound. I felt confident that if I could stop the hemorrhage, his life might be saved. This done, I was about to jerk the rope as a signal to those above, when a noise on my left startled me. It came from a long, dark, funereal-looking gallery, which had not been disturbed by human beings for years since the feet of the miner roused its weird echoes.

Not being a coward, and having no faith in supernatural appearances, I raised the lantern, and advanced into the pitchy darkness, which its feeble rays but faintly illuminated. It enabled me, however, to behold the figure of a man. He was tall, gaunt, and his eyes burned like two coals of fire.

I recognized the man of ill-omen—the man of the journey down from London, whom I accused of the evil that had befallen Phil Harkaway. I did not stop to consider whether it were an substantial phantom. I did not take the trouble to think how he could have come there.

Blind with fury, and longing to avenge the outrage upon my sailor friend, I rushed forward. The man fled. I gave chase. We went at a headlong pace for some distance, splashing through pools of stagnant water, stumbling over the inequalities of the ground, and hurting ourselves against projecting lumps and knobs in the walls of the galleries which we threaded.

All at once the tall man stopped, determined to face his pursuer. Unable to arrest my progress, I ran into his arms. The lantern fell from my grasp and rolled on the ground. We engaged in a fearful struggle.

First swaying on this side, then on that, we battled fiercely for the mastery. It was no ghost I was grappling with. My opponent was solid flesh and blood.

I found him a man of muscular development, who fought like a fiend, and though considered, when a boy, a good wrestler, I feared I was not a match for him in a sustained struggle. Exerting all my strength I drove him down the gallery, not knowing in what direction I was going.

In my frantic rage I strove to batter his head against the hard walls, but he was too strong for me. A cold, numbing sensation about our legs told us that we were standing in water. It was up to our knees.

A fear now took possession of me that this terrible man would kill me. I felt inclined to shriek aloud and cry for help, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. Nothing was audible but our heavy breathing, the splashing of the water and the muttered curses of my antagonist. He relaxed his grasp.

One of his arms left the vice-like grip it had held of my body. Was he going to give in? Had I conquered him at last? I redoubled my exertions, and bore his head and neck down, intending to drown him in the water, as I would have drowned a kitten. While thus frantically exerting myself, I felt an acute pain in my left side. I uttered a cry. A peal of demoniac laughter mocked me. He had stabbed me with the long, murderous knife with which I recognised the body of Phil Harkaway. A red light flashed before my eyes, and I am satisfied that I was capable of superhuman exertions.

If I was to die, he should die with me. That was the one idea which possessed me. By a lucky chance I seized the hand which held the knife, and turned it on himself. Then I drove it with irresistible force into his body. I knew I had wounded him, for his fierce energy vanished, his strength relaxed, and he became like a child in my hands. I laughed wildly, and, though I felt my own strength waning, I continued to drag him down to the water.

"Mercy! mercy!" gasped the wretch.

"Mercy! mercy!" bubbled up from his lips, as I, straining every nerve, bore him under the murky water.

His struggles waxed weaker. Yet I held him down until not a muscle vibrated, and he sank away from my grasp without a struggle. I knew he was dead.

With difficulty I contrived to draw my weary, stiffened limbs through the icy-cold water. Reaching the dry ground—if any part of the dank, dismal pit could be called dry—I sank down and speedily became insensible.

When I came to myself I was in a comfortable bed. Kind faces were bending over me, and, as the flood of recollection came rushing into my mind, I guessed I was at Cowpit, and that all was well. Nor was I mistaken.

Alarmed at my prolonged absence, those at the mouth of the shaft pulled at the rope. Receiving no responsive movement, they drew it up, and three men were lowered, one after another. Phil Harkaway's body was quickly found and as quickly handed up to the outer air, from whence it was hurriedly taken by sympathizing hands to the farm. Wondering what had become of me, and not feeling at all satisfied at my mysterious disappearance, the men who had descended determined to make a search for me. This they did.

The result was the finding of myself, they supposed to be my dead body. They carried it to the bottom of the shaft and all ascended. How I came in the forlorn condition in which they found me, was an impenetrable mystery. It remained for me to supply the key. My narration led to the discovery of the dead body of the would-be murderer. Luckily, neither Phil's wound or my own was very serious. The doctor who attended us said that in a week or ten days we should be able to go about again, and old Harkaway promised us a happy New Year's day, as we had been disappointed of our Christmas merry-making.

A further search in the mine revealed Phil's valuable black bag. The way in which the tall man had got into the pit was explained to himself. He said that he was attacked unawares near the old shaft, and being badly hurt by the stab of the knife, he could not help himself and was carried over the snow. But when he felt himself being about to be thrown down the mouth of the pit, he seized his aggressor tightly, and dragged him down with him, causing him to overbalance himself.

Of course it was impossible for him to get out without light or assistance, and he had accounted for my meeting him in the mine. Why he attacked me I never knew. That was a secret he carried into the grave with him. We found afterwards that he was a Bristol man, who had always held a bad character, some years back enlisted in a marching regiment, which went to India. His cupidity had been aroused by Phil Harkaway's imprudent chattering in the train, and he had determined to possess himself of the gold the sailor carried, even though he stained his soul with the crime of murder.

The delight of the Harkaways, as may be supposed, was unbounded. They made as much fuss with me as they did with Phil, *almost*. There was one exception, and that was pretty Polly Blake. She really loved Phil, and the dangers he had gone through had the effect of endearing him to her all the more. A woman likes a man all the better for having a tinge of romance about him. In spite of what the doctor said, it was fully six weeks before either Phil or myself were on our legs again. When we were, beaming countenances, smiles, congratulations and hearty grips of the hand met us at every turn.

My share in the affair of the mine was magnified into heroism. Old Harkaway said I had saved his son's life, and so I had, after a fashion. If I had not come to the farm and led to the discovery of his body, he would have undoubtedly bled to death in the cold, damp, deserted spot in which they found, and from which they so opportunely extricated him.

A couple of months after Christmas during the whole of which time I was an inmate of Cowpit Farm, my dear and fast friend Phil led Polly Blake to the altar. I must confess that I envied them their happiness—it was so complete, so perfect.

After years of misunderstanding and separation, they were together again, and occupying the holy and blessed relations of man and wife. I have no better or truer friends in the world than the Harkaways.

I am always welcome at Cowpit, and sometimes think of giving up a commercial life to go and settle down as a farmer, for I don't mind telling you all that Phil has one of the prettiest and sauciest sisters that ever called a man brother.

If I can see my way in a few months I dare say that little Fanny Harkaway may become——But I have finished my story, and I won't weary you with personal matters, which are never very interesting to third parties. Though never, as long as I live, shall I forget that awful encounter in the darkness of the old disused coal-pit.

WHOLESALE EXECUTION.

"One hundred bamboo cages are wanted." Such was the form of an order issued a short time ago—says a Shanghai paper—from the office of the Chow Yang, district magistrate near Swatow. The plain meaning was that number of men were to be beheaded, and the bamboo workers were required to furnish the requisite means of conveying the victims to the execution ground. The occasion of this hecatomb was the presence of General Pang, who by special imperial commission is meting out justice to delinquents in the districts indicated of twenty and thirty years' standing, as well as those of quite recent date. During the time of the rebellion that part of China was thrown into a state of general misrule and judicial confusion. The civil mandarins were often set at defiance, even by villages which had not participated in insurrection, but whose clan ties and clan feuds made them unwilling to admit an outside umpire to regulate their social relations and rights. And so cases went on accumulating. Murders were committed; feuds were pursued with bloody strife; taxes were withheld, and tax collectors beaten and driven away; violence and lawlessness reigned supreme. It is a noticeable characteristic of Chinese civil administration that, though the civil representatives of the Imperial government were powerless either to punish or protect, they did not allow themselves to forget these things. A note was carefully made of every lawless act and of its perpetrators. And years General Pang has beheaded some three thousand at least, and the most of the work has been done by this one man—a short, stout built fellow, with hawk nose that well befits his calling—who attends Pang wherever he goes. His history, as told by the people of Swatow, is curious enough. One day, in old rebel times, Pang had a file of rebels kneeling before him for execution. The executioner began, and was bungling in a horrible way. Became irked, the fellow was down the line awaiting his turn. He was used to such scenes, and did not quail. He watched the bungler for a few turns, and then called in a loud voice to Pang to know if they were all to be hacked in that manner, and then asked to be released, and he would show them how to do it. Pang was struck with his audacity, and ordered his request to be complied with. He went at it and made short work of it; then throwing down the sword and resuming his kneeling posture, he called upon them to finish him. "No," said Pang, "that man is too useful, I want him myself;" and so he was spared, and a bloody career he has since led. He prides himself on his horrid calling, and boasts that he never misses his aim, nor takes a second blow.

MARGERY, THE BEGGAR GIRL.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER'S CHRISTMAS C/ROL.

PART I.

Christmas eve on bright Broadway!
Clear and cold and sharp the weather,
But gas jets flame as bright as day,
And all the world seems gay together.
In glaring windows lie the toys
To glad the hearts of girls and boys—
Of happy children who believe
The story told on Christmas eve
Of good Saint Nicholas, who comes
In royal state to pleasant homes,
To fill each we one's ample stocking,
O, pleasant vision! happy sight!
O, glorious evening!
But were shocking
If any one were sad to-night!

Yet sad and lone and suffering,
One little helpless, hopeless thing,
Amid the bustling, joyous throng,
Moves slowly, wearily along;
A little beggar girl alone,
Foot-sore, and hungering for bread.
(Who was it in the ages gone
Who had not where to lay his head?)

This beggar-girl, with great brown eyes,
That look with wistful, strange surprise
On gifts piled up in windows bright,
Seems strangely out of place to-night.
She draws her poor, thin, ragged shawl
More closely round each shivering shoulder,
And sees that all around her all
The sights which only make her colder.
All day she's begged "A penny, please!"
You've heard, no doubt, that pauper-plea—
(Who said that whose gives to thee
The same hath given unto Me?)
But now to night she begs no more,
Her hope is gone, her heart is sore;
She knows that Christmas comes to-morrow,
But not to her; all days the same—
Sighs for her lot of poverty and sorrow,
Her load of poverty and shame.

PART II.

Oh, very bright is Madame Clair,
And very warm and very glowing!
And she is good as she is fair,
And her heart with its radiance overflowing;
But then it never flows beyond
Her somewhat limited society;
'Tis not her fault that she is fond
Of that uncultured, coarse variety
Of human nature which abounds
Upon the ladder's lowest rounds.
It is not strange that she prefers
To leave to others all researches,
And join with gilt edged worshippers
To help the pauper through the churches.
She's foremost in all public charity,
But being dainty, rich and fair,
She feels, of course, the great disparity
Between the poor and Madame Clair.
She helped the heathen in Timbuctoo
To save their black souls from perdition,
You'll also find her name to stand
A liberal sum for our Home Mission.
But Madame Clair is sure to get
Due credit for her good pursuing,
(Who was it said Thou shalt not let
Thy left hand know thy right hand's doing?)

She's out to-night to purchase things
For one she loves—her only child:
A little girl to whom Time brings
No shade of trouble. Fortune smiled
Upon her birth, and ever since
Long holydays of opulence
Have been her lot. Her Madame Clair
Has searched the shops through every where
To find fresh gifts and costly toys,
To serve as momentary joys
To this spoiled darling child of hers.
Rich clad in heavy silks and furs,
Bright-eyed, fair-faced, what wonder she
Unknowingly should captivate
The little beggar Margery—
The beggar-girl, to whom harsh fate
Has never brought one happy hour,
Looks through the window as she may,
And yield to some strange witching power,
An unreal voice which seems to say
That this fair lady in the store
Is buying girls for Margery.
And as she orders more and more
The hope grows wilder; "All for me!"
She mutters in her crazy glee.
"They're all for me! they're all for me?"

Her poor pinched face grows wondrous bright,
Her brown eyes gleam with lustrous light,
The cold bare stones are cold no more,
Her hours of misery are o'er.

God help the child! she dreams such dreams
As brush away whole years of sorrow,
And in her happiness it seems
That Christmas comes for her to-morrow
God help the child! from out the store
The lady now with stately tread,
Her footman's ready at the door—
The door not see the little head
Up irted in a pleased surprise,
She does not hear the big brown eyes
Gaze in supplication wild
Upon her broadcloth and her furs—
(Who was it took a poor man's child
And blessed it in his lowly arms?)

But John the footman sees the waif,
And grabs her with his ruffian's touch—
The lady's in her carriage safe,
The beggar girl's not injured much.
He merely hurls her on the stones,
He did not break her pauper bones;
He bruised her some, and then her she will
And spoilt her happy dream—that's all.

That's all, but, oh, the hopeless grief
Piercing the chilly vibrant air
"What's that?" she asks; and John the dumb
Finds voice to say "A beggar, mum!"
Thus reassured she drives away,
Reflecting as she homeward rolls
That in the final judgment day
It will go hard with pauper souls
If proper sentence they receive
For shocking nerves on Christmas eve.

PART III.

Oh Katie Kitson's young and fair,
And like a radiant sunbeam dances;
She has a wealth of golden hair
And greater wealth of golden rancies.
She isn't righteous nor respectable,
She dances in a music hall;
But then her manner's so delectable
It captivates us one and all.
She never moved in upper tendom
Among the cultivated creatures,
But they—the statement may offend 'em—
Would give their fortunes are they spend'e m
To have her face and form and features.

She bounds upon the stage o' nights
In gauzy waist and tempting tights,
Revealing legs which anchorites
Might leave their cells to gaze upon.
She smiles demurely now and then
Upon some rich man's truant son,
And has her little harmless fun
With older and more graceless men.
But after all it's said and done
Be this recorded in her praise:
She cheerfully supports her mother,
And out of what she earns she pays
To educate a younger brother.
She rents for them most cheerful quarters,
That's something in these evil days
Of thankless sons and idle daughters.

This Christmas eve she's on her way
To dance for rather scanty pay;
She's bought her little stock of gifts,
And being pleased and well at ease
Her breezy fancy gayly drifts
With outspread sails to broader seas.
She sees herself grown rich and great—
The favorite dancer of her day—
And so with heart and hope elate
She dreams her walking hour away.

But suddenly her dream stops short;
Her tender eyes a sight have caught
Which splashes from the fount of tears
A drop which like a pearl appears.
For there, upon the curbstone cold,
Sobbing as if her heart would break,
In angry anguish uncontrolled,
Sits one so helpless it might make
The heart of any Heathen ache.

'Tis Margery—a child in years,
In sorrows and privations old—
Her face besmeared with blood and tears,
Half frozen with the bitter cold.
The glad mad hope which kept her warm
An hour ago is quite departed—
Her poor torn shawl shields not her form,
And oh she is so heavy-hearted!
She doubts the legend of the day;
How once there came a Holy Stranger,
A child so poor they had to lay
Him with the cattle in the manger.
For if it's true why should she be
Despised by those who worship Him?
And why this life of misery?
She questions thus, with faith grown dim.

Oh, faith is easy in the churches,
To well-fed saints on velvet perches,
But to the beggar in the slums,
Hated, despised, it seldom comes.
Get hungry, frozen, bruised, and see
If you, perforce, do not agree
With our poor beggar, Margery.

There came a warm, soft, grateful touch
Upon the beggar's pallid cheek,
And Margery looks up too much
Surprised to either think or speak;
She sees a face so warm and bright,
It takes the chill from off the night,
She feels a plump arm round her thrown,
And then a pleasant, cheery tone,
Which says, "Now come along with me,
You poor, dear thing, you must be froze;
We've got and that's the best, and then we'll see
If we can find you better clothes."

Good, bracing, appetising words,
Spoken to one whom hunger cuts
As fierce and sharp as seven drawn swords.
No chance is left for "ifs" or "buts."
No questions asked, still, very poor,
The child looks out of wondering eyes
On what to her seems Paradise,
But is—Nelson street saloon!
The supper ordered in a trice,
Cakes, coffee, oysters—common stuff—
And cooked in style not over nice,
And sold at prices low enough.
But all the wealth of India's strand,
And all the diamonds in the land—
Including those which were not born
To flash in Arizona—
If piled together would not be
So rich a sight to Margery
As that hot supper, with the neat
Direction:—"Now, go in and eat."

And when she's eaten, not before,
Kate asks the child some simple questions,
And hears the old, old story o'er,
Of want, with all its grim suggestions.

"You have a father?" "Yes, he drinks,
And sends me out to beg for bread."
"A mother, girl?" She begs her thinks
A moment, "Yes, but she is dead.
I have her, tho'; she comes to me
At night, and is so kind to Margery.
Be patient, dear; in God's good day
Your wants and woe shall pass away,
And far removed from pain and sin
At Heaven's own gate they'll let you in,
She said those words the night she died,
And, oh, sweet lady, how I cried!
But now I like to have her come
And tell me of that better home."

When Katie reached the hall that night
They noticed that she wore no shawl—
She'd pulled it off and wrapped it tight
Round Margery's slender form, that's all;
She laughed and chaffed and no one guessed
How she had learned that Christmas eve
The truth of what is writ:—"More blessed
It is to give than to receive."
But with her wealth and all her pearls,
With all her wealth and all her pearls,
Enjoyed that night a smaller share
Of pleasure than those two poor girls.

Christmas eve on bright Broadway!
Clear and cold and sharp the weather
And all the world seems gay together;
Will help to smooth the sufferer's way,
And make the world all gay together!

MY FIRST BEAR.

Though I have experienced a great many exciting adventures, yet I shall never forget my first bear hunt. In the fall of 1859 I was out prospecting some mules and myself were prospecting in the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas. We had met with some success and were thinking of returning in a day or two, when unfortunately a mule, on whose back I had traveled thus far, was missing one morning.

We were camping at the time in a narrow, well wooded canon, through the centre of which a large brook ran noisily, and on the bank of this brook was a narrow deer run; it was along this that my mule had passed.

As soon as I had got my breakfast, borrowing a rifle from one of the party, I started in pursuit, intending to return to the camp at dusk. I followed my mule's tracks in the deer run for about a mile, until he crossed the brook and started through the chaparral on the other side. I crossed, but lost track of him, and started through the chaparral in the direction he was going. I had gone a few steps when I came across some fresh bear tracks. When I recognized these I was on the point of turning back, for a bear is not the pleasantest thing in the world to meet, especially in the chaparral, but remembering if I did not find my mule I would have to walk the rest of the way, I kept on.

After walking about forty rods, and getting terribly torn and scratched, meanwhile, I heard a crashing ahead of me. I stopped and listened, but heard nothing but the songs of the birds, and hum of the bees. I was just about to start on when the crashing noise began again; it sounded like some heavy body forcing its way toward me and coming nearer and nearer each moment. I never for a moment doubted it was a bear, and with trembling fingers I pulled back the hammer, and slowly raised my rifle to my shoulder. At that moment a large black body loomed up through a clump of bushes near me. The next moment the mountain sides resounded with the report of my rifle. As soon as I had fired I dropped my gun and started back to camp, and I think the intervening space was crossed that time about as quick as it ever was before or ever will be again.

My companions would hardly believe my story, but as I affirmed that I had seen my bear drop, they started out to find him. We proceeded cautiously along until we came to the place where my rifle lay. I pointed out the bushes behind which my bear had made his appearance, and upon our looking around behind them, there, weltering in his blood, lay my poor old mule, with a bullet hole through his head. I never heard the last of that bear adventure, and footed it the rest of the trip.

CHRISTMAS—1872.

The Children's Welcome to Santa Claus.

The engraving on our first page this week represents the arrival of Santa Claus in the city of New York, and the enthusiastic welcome accorded to the old gentleman by the little people, with whom he is ever the favorite of the holiday season. The good man, it will be seen, comes loaded, as usual, with all the nick nacks, toys, bons and candies, and everything calculated to tickle the fancy of childhood, and pleasure to the parent. So with what vim the little ones draw the venerable Santa Claus's car in triumphal procession; behold the smiles which adorn each little chubby face; yes, even "the little dog laughs to see the fine sport" as the jolly reception committee and their welcome guest move along in all the pride and innocence of youth and old age. Three welcome, Santa Claus, for you bring joy and gladness in your train, and give us a season of real festivity and contentment.

*A BRIGHT little girl, having been required to write a sentence, introducing the word [illegible], produced the following: "Mary had a little lamb, and when it died it was a [ill

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy.....10 cents | Subscriptions per annum...$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers.....5% " " for 6 months. 2 50
To Retail Agents.....10 " " for 3 months. 1 25

To Clubs of four or more, a deduction of 20 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 3,360, New York P. O.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **We never answer questions by mail. All** addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

M., Ottumwa, Ia.—"Mose says to Billy, 'I will bet you $100 that my rooster can whip any rooster you can bring to him in 90 minutes, or any time before that, and claims that, according to ninety days' notice, the challenge is worded. Mose's rooster will have to fight the way the challenge is worded. Mose's rooster will have to fight as the roosters that Billy can bring to him in ninety days, and if his (Mose) rooster whips them off, he (Mose) wins the $100. Mose claims the recording to the way the challenge is worded he simply gives him ninety days to furnish a rooster to whip his (Mose) rooster. Please decide."——Mose is right, and Billy entirely in the wrong. Mose agreed to fight any rooster, not roosters.

L. C., Suffield, Conn.—The highest run made by John McDevitt in a match game was 1,493, against Wm. Goldthwait, for $250 a side, New York, Jan. 8th, 1868. He also made 1,450 in a match for $1,000 against Joseph Dion, Chicago, Sept. 16th, 1868. In the latter match pushing was allowed and crotching prohibited; in the former, both pushing and crotching were allowed. McDevitt's highest run in a match for the championship was 338, made against Joseph Dion, Oct. 8th, 1866, at Montreal.

Y. T., Sharon, Pa.—1. Helmbold's best time at two miles was 3:41¾; at three miles, 5:3?; at four miles, 7:29½. 2. Long Dow's time when he beat Susan Ann in the Wesley's stakes three miles, at Lexington, Ky., May 18th, 1872, was 5:37¾. 3. The winners of the Saratoga Cup were as follows:—In 1865, Kentucky, time, 7:37½; in 1866, Kentucky, 4:34; in 1867, Kingston, 4:36; in 1868, Lancaster, 4:14; in 1869, Pacrunc, 4:19; in 1870, Helmbold, 4:39¾; in 1871, Longfellow, 4:32¾; in 1872, Harry Bassett, 3:39. 4. Nellie Ransom was second to Harry Bassett in the Kentucky Stakes, at Saratoga, in which the latter made his record in 3:36¾.

T. R. W., St. Paul, Minn.—1. A cannot play alone at euchre if his partner assists. 2. Cyrille Dion, in a match game with Gates, made a run of 1,493 at French carom, counting the latter 2 for 1. 3. Dion in a match with Moir, of New Orleans, made a run of 1,000 without scotch. 4. Chandler is reported to have cleared 30 feet. 5. See our base ball columns; the players will probably be $1,700. While Mr. Murnan, Francis Schafer, George Wright, Leonard, H. Wright and Hodgell.

J. R. S.—1. Miss Lillie Swinthurst is the name of the lady that acted with Edwin Booth when she made her first professional appearance in this city. 2. Are you not in error in stating that Scotch royal Fusileers sailed for Australia in November? It was announced during the early fall that he contemplated no such thing, but we can find no record that Mr. English has carried his plan into effect.

NORTH END, Boston.—1. The cards played hands 4, 4, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, 5; there is no run for the last 8, but there was for the 4 played just previous. A is therefore right in objecting to B's claim of 3 sequence of nine cards. 2. In case of a misdeal it becomes a "double header;" the money remaining in the pool until the next deal. The misdeal, however, must be discovered before the cards are raised.

CONSTANT READER.—1. There is a regular weekly mail to Trinidad, West Indies, via Havana or St. Thomas, and the postage is eighteen cents. 2. It is chiefly a matter of taste who is the best female star performer in this country, and as questions we do not attempt to decide. 3 A first-class rider in a circus can command from $40 to $150 per week, according to his reputation and skill.

BASE BALLIST, Boston.—Three other correspondents, in different cities, make the same complaint, and claim superiority for their favorite catchers. Should we admit your *ipse dixit*, we must deal the same with the others, or be charged with "partiality." At all events, *anonymous* communications are not entitled to much consideration.

DECISION, New Orleans, La.—After giving your question due consideration we are of opinion that you had better, under existing circumstances, make the bet a draw. When the highest judicial authorities disagree it is difficult to render a decision which would not be construed as partisan, and we endeavor to eschew political dissensions altogether.

K. O. Z.—1. The partner of the dealer cannot play alone after declaring he would assist, but he has the power to order his partner, the dealer, up and play alone when first declaring his intentions. 2. The dealer's partner has the option of passing or playing alone. 3. No such practice ever prevailed where the proper game of euchre was played. 4. Your opponent is correct.

NAT HOWARD, Scranton, Pa.—1. The Hell tunnel, between Chippenham and Bath, on the Great Western Railroad (England) is 3,13 yards in length; height, 27 feet; width, 25 feet; for two years and a half a ton of gunpowder and a ton of candles per week were consumed in blasting and lighting, and thirty-two millions of bricks were required for lining. 2. About 1846.

H. M. B., Cincinnati, O.—1. Neither James Robinson, the "champion horseback rider," nor John Robinson, the "ever skilled" in Kentucky, Both are alive and now traveling in the south. 2. Yes, Charley Gallagher whipped the person referred to in a fair fight near St. Louis, Mo., in two rounds, which were 8 and 7 in three minutes.

H. D. K., Boston, Mass.—1. We never answer questions by mail. 2. It is not generally customary for treasurers to deposit money with their managers, yet there would be no harm in so doing if they will give you security therefor. 3. We never heard of the party you refer to.

K. W. R., St. Louis, Mo.—The names of the managers of the lottery in question are not given to the public. 2. Charley White is one of the oldest minstrel performers now living, but not the oldest. Sam S. Sanford and Frank Brower were both in the business before Mr. White.

M. E. QUIGLEY, Stratford.—1. John W. Cozad is generally looked upon as such, but we believe Ed. Moulton can be backed to run him 100 yards. 2. The best time for said distance in this country is 9¾ seconds, made by E. D. Davis, W. H. Young and H. E. Buermeyer.

PROF. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—We cannot say whether Frank Bayside travels with the Morris Brothers' show or not. 2. If Ian's engagement has been performed continuously for a season, but have made short trips, and each time with a different company.

D. T. Mell, Jericho Corners.—Jeff. Davis' crime was not treason. The United States Constitution does not regard the bearing of arms against the government by a citizen as treason, but as an act of riot. But the bearing of arms against the government under a foreign flag is treason, and this was not Jeff. Davis' offence.

F. H., Providence, R. I.—The prosecenium of a theatre is the arch which spans the stage opening; consequently, private boxes located therein are called prosecenium boxes. Private boxes located in any other part of the theatre cannot properly be so designated.

J. P. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Macready, the English tragedian, is still living. 2. We do not make comparisons as to the relative merits of professional people. 3. A letter addressed to the editor of the CLIPPER, in this city, will reach him. 4. Actual experience will teach you to manage a variety troupe.

DICK, Washington, D. C.—Engagements are now generally made in open theatre, or in the interior lines of business, the latter of actress being obliged to perform such part as he or she may be cast for. Therefore a second low comedian stands as good a chance as any one.

A. A. T., Newark, N. J.—1. "Schneider's Ride" is the private property of the author, "Ooofty Gooft," and not for sale. 2. You can get plays suitable for amateur performances of Ed. James, as per his advertisement.

NED HOWARD, Scranton, Pa.—After a card is played on the table it is an exposed card and cannot be re-called, unless by playing it the player makes a revoke, in which case he can take it back.

AMATEUR, San Francisco, Cal.—Managers generally do not like to engage novices. You had better apply personally to the manager of the minstrel hall in your city, and state to him candidly what you desire.

S. A.—You forget to state what game of dice you are playing. If at rattles, then three aces beat 17, but are beaten by three deuces, three fours, &c. Aces are the lowest numbers on the dice. No answers by mail.

RED HEAD, St. Louis.—1. W. H. Doble, the father of Budd Doble, drove Goldsmith Maid when she made her fastest time of 2:14¾ at Boston, 2. Only W. H. Doble and Budd Doble have driven Goldsmith Maid this season.

TRUE FRIEND, Baltimore, Md.—We know nothing of the parties you mention. It is not customary for performers to deposit with their managers any money to guarantee their appearance according to contract, and we would not advise you to do so.

T. J. W., Portsmouth, Va.—We do not know what you mean by "imperial bower." There is no such card known in legitimate euchre.

C. H. G., Danbury, Conn.—1. Watch 'the CLIPPER for their whereabouts or address them a letter in care of this office. 2. The card must go in our advertising columns.

PAGE, Wilmington, Del.—Nothing having been said in the conditions of the match that the loser should pay for all the birds, each party must pay for his own birds.

W. D., Providence, R. I.—Your advertisement in a space of 20 lines will cost $1 for each insertion; $30 for three months (13 insertions), cash in advance.

R. W., Adrian, Mich.—We cannot say if the lady at present with the Peak Family of bell ringers is the only one of that name that ever traveled with them.

WILLIAM STEWART, New York.—The Stadt Theatre in this city has seating capacity for 1,500 persons, and the Academy of Music for 2,200.

LEXINGTON, MASS.—Craft Lodge may have several meanings. It means a personal trust company, a loan company for advancing money on personal property, or a banking institution.

ELIZABETH.—A is wrong. If C held an 8 in his hand he could play the 8 on the build of 5, thus putting on it the 8 on the board, call it "8," and take it on his next play.

CORCHO, Fortalancho, Texas.—1. B is right: A must take up his hand and "freeze" with his five spot. 2. B is wrong, for A was entitled to a score.

TOLL BRIDGE, Cambria City, Pa.—The presidential and vice presidential candidates in 1856 were Buchanan and Breckinridge, Fillmore and Donelson, Fremont and Dayton.

CONSTANT READER.—1. J. C. Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky. 2. Millard Fillmore, Buffalo, N. Y. 3. John Graham, 67 William st., N. Y.

F. B. H., Boston.—No. 2 is not obliged to play the holder of the dummy, but may elect to give him five points instead of standing.

BALDWIN, New Orleans.—The "discovery and discoverer" have lost all interest here.

ROBERT MCKEE.—No man bearing that name ever appeared on the stage, that we are aware of.

CLIPPER ADMIRER.—We are not at all mistaken. There is no ground for the claim made by Shultz.

W. W., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Mrs. Scott Siddons was born in India in 1814.

DETROSSOGNIC, Memphis, Tenn.—We have no record where or when "The Sea of Ice" was first produced on any stage.

J. J. E.—Mr. Edwin Booth's winter residence is in his theatre, at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street.

DRAMATIST, St. Louis, Mo.—For four insertions, a space of 15 lines, $12; for three months, $25, cash in advance.

CURIOUS.—The British navy is supposed to be the strongest at present.

S. R. P., Detroit, Mich.—B. Simon street, N. Y., does not run in Broadway, but from No. 4 College place, west, to West street, N. R.

A. P., Boston.—Nevada, for the last was lost before Greeley died, being decided by the result of the election.

J. D., Providence, R. I.—At euchre you must invariably follow suit if you can do so.

W. L.—A has no right to remove the top card and place it at the bottom of the pack, but he can insist that B shall cut the cards.

FRAMPTON, Lowell.—We know nothing of the merits or reliability of the concern named.

W. M., Baltimore, Md.—At present the laws of the state of New York allow all criminals to testify in their own behalf.

J. L. S., Phila.—B wins with his three aces, for three cards only do not constitute a flush.

H. C., Oshkosh, Wis.—Send to Shannon, Miller and Crane, as per advertisement, for an India rubber elephant.

EXPERIMENTAL, Memphis, Tenn.—Miss Charlotte Thompson was born in Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng., June 7th, 1853.

J. A. BROWN, Baltimore, Md.—R. C. Macready, the celebrated English tragedian, is alive and resides at Cheltenham, Eng.

P. W. S., Phila.—B wins with his three aces, for three cards only do not constitute a flush.

H. C., Oshkosh, Wis.—Send to Shannon, Miller and Crane, as per advertisement, for an India rubber elephant.

EXPERIMENTAL, Memphis, Tenn.—Miss Charlotte Thompson was born in Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng., June 7th, 1853.

J. A. BROWN, Baltimore, Md.—R. C. Macready, the celebrated English tragedian, is alive and resides at Cheltenham, Eng.

P. W. S., Phila.—B wins with his three aces, for three cards only do not constitute a flush.

NON-DE-PLUME, Pittsburgh.—Four trays and a nine turned up count 24 at cribbage, as by 15 and 12 for the double pair royal.

C. H. B., Fort Monroe.—We know nothing of the matter in question.

BILLY MACK, Cincinnati O.—A loses the bet, for if there is no game on a age, he loses with the same point is not scored.

P. D., Brooklyn.—It was a palpable revoke by C, and A, B and D take two points each for it.

CONSTANT READER.—The cards must all be played before A can count game.

S. REYNOLDS.—If you made all five tricks in "going alone," you are entitled to four points.

H. M. D., Toronto.—In cutting for deal at euchre, Jack, being highest, deals.

READER.—1. The nine you name would not be reliable. 2. No. 3 No.

M. DAVIS.—No nine has been regularly engaged by the Mutual Club as yet.

C. E. C. E. P.—1. We cannot say. 2. Send to Ed. James, as per his advertisement in this issue, for the book you require.

FOXEN DICK.—The partners being, the other players can "bauke," and throw in again.

A. P., Cleveland, O.—2 loses the cigars, as the operation of shaving was not performed.

G. A. D.—Rudolphe, playing against Cyrille Dion, Academy of Music, New York, Dec. 28th, 1868, scored 515 points.

LOCKLEY MAID.—B loses his $10. He cannot deal four cards at a time at euchre.

J. McK., Providence, R. I.—You won the bet, for Greeley carried more than one state.

GUY, Elgin, Ill.—O loses the bet. The fastest running time on record is 1:42¾.

SMITH AND JONES.—Smith must show his full hand to Jones, who calls him, as well as to all the board.

SCRATCHER, Kensington.—Oregon went for Grant in the last election.

ROLLING MILL BOY.—Fairmount Park is larger than Central Park.

I. H., Memphis, Tenn.—You will find the route ahead of Noyes' Crescent City Circus, when we have it, in our circus summary.

M. M. H., Toledo, O.—A letter addressed to the gentleman in care of the CLIPPER will reach him.

G. O., Springdale.—See an engagement with some traveling dramatic company, and work your way up.

AMATEUR.—We know of no published work that treats of "making up" the face for dramatic performances.

A. R., Providence.—The largest stake ever fought for in the prize ring in England was £2,000, by Heenan and King.

F. T. H., Milan, O.—We are of opinion it should be pronounced as spelt. Boardmore & Sons' tannery, at Acton, Canada, was burned on Dec. 16th, involving a loss of $50,000.

G. H. P., Washington, D. C.—A. T. Stewart commenced business with a small capital, as soon as he came to New York.

F. K.—The area of the Central Park is 843 acres, and Tompkins square has an area of 487,764 square feet.

M. MCC. & CO., Logansport, Ind.—Ed. James advertises the book for sale.

JULIANA TANYAR.—Mr. John Wood died after a brief illness at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, on May 28th, 1863.

R. S. T.—Mr. Greeley's death does not alter the wager, the election decidedly, if, and that took place before Mr. G.'s decease.

BANJO ARCHY.—We have no information about them other than what appears in our paper.

THELMA, Ala.—If being a foul call, the money is neither won nor lost.

C. T. C., Fulton, N. Y.—A letter to him, care of this office, will reach him.

M. J., Chicago.—As C neglected to rob, he loses the game, which was 15 up.

A CONSTANT READER, Boston, Mass.—Will answer in next issue.

G. A. F., Jersey City.—Four fives beat four aces at poker dice.

GEO. CARLES.—See articles on "The Players of 1872."

W. H. M., Phila.—They trotted several races together.

N. J. N., Jersey City.—Thank you; bill received.

XIQUES.—The lady's maiden name was Vining.

J. E. B., Plymouth.—Each of the words is one.

H. C. B., Philadelphia.—He carried six states.

J. C.—Mr. Solbern is an Englishman in by birth.

LIT O'GRADY.—One, if not both, will be used.

W. H. Canton.—Will give it a place.

E. B.—The first ball cannot be called.

VIS A VIS.—Probably in our next.

J. W. A., Baltimore.—Received.

G. H.—Cannot say as yet.

NOTICE.

Clipper Calendar and Fast Time Table.

With the NEW YORK CLIPPER bearing date January 4th, 1873, will be published an extra sheet containing a Calendar for the year 1873, with some noteworthy event for every date in the year, principally of matters and things connected with the theatrical profession.

The same extra sheet will contain a table of the Fastest Time on Record—embracing Horse Racing, Trotting, Pacing, Pedestrianism, Jumping, Ocean Steaming, Sailing, Rattroading, Rowing, River Steaming, Lifting, Snow Shoe Racing, Fire Engine Playing, Ratting, Skating, Velocipeding, and various other matters, compiled expressly for the CLIPPER, up to the close of the year 1872. This table will prove to be a valuable work of reference.

The same issue of the CLIPPER will contain the opening chapters of a romance of thrilling interest, written expressly for this paper by one of the most successful and popular novelists of the day.

There will be no additional charge for this extra sheet, every purchaser of a copy of the CLIPPER of January 4th, 1873, being entitled to a copy of our Calendar and Time Table free of expense.

Agents desiring extra supplies of that issue will oblige us by sending in their orders as early as may be convenient to those wholesale dealers who attend to their newspaporial wants. There will certainly be an increased demand for the paper referred to, and we give this timely notice so that newspaper vendors may make their arrangements accordingly, and enable us to form some idea of the number of additional copies it may be necessary to print.

CHRISTMAS.

From time immemorial the termination of the year, according to our calendar, has been ever devoted to a season of rejoicing, of festivity and of good cheer. Long before the institution of Christianity, the Brahmins of India, the Magi of Persia, the Celtic Druids and the Phenician mystics commemorated these particular days, clustering as they do around the winter solstice, with festivals expressive of unlimited freedom. Among several nations of the Orient it was an almost universal practice, about that time we denominate our Christmas holidays, for rulers to exchange positions temporarily with their subjects, for masters to tend homage to their servants, while the entire nation was enwrapt in an unfettered round of grateful hilarity. These joyous ceremonies were doubtlessly the lingering relics of a prior superstition, based upon Sun worship, inasmuch as, at this point of time, the solar luminary is apparently bereft of his fructifying influence, vegetation in a state of suspended animation, and the men and beasts of burden are relieved from daily toil incidental to a husbandman's craft. Even in imperial Rome, immediately preceding the advent of the New Dispensation, a similar season of riotous festivities, in which men and women, free born and of slave nativity, participated with unbridled frenzy, marked the declining days of the dying year. Although solemnized beneath tutelage of various deities, these saturnalia, as we generically designate them, were holidays of mirthful fervor, observance of which neither the establishment of national worship nor the lapse of ages could radically obliterate among the inhabitants of the sunny south.

The popular ceremonies and peculiar customs with which we of this present day invest in some degree our Christmas jubilee are indisputably vestiges of the mode in which our Scandinavian ancestors celebrated their mid-winter festivals. To the people of the frozen north this season of compulsory inactivity was especially agreeable for social enjoyments, as the ice-covered sea presented an effectual barrier to the maritime expeditions of the vikings while the sharp blasts of winter precluded universal enjoyment of out-door sports and pastimes. While preserving the custom of burning the yule log, of quaffing from the wassail bowl, of hanging of the mistletoe bough, and other vestiges of Odinic and Druidical worship, the descendants of Saxon and Norman conquerors engrafted upon the festivities of Merry England, at Christmas tide, fantasies of chivalric creation. They came in the shape of the "boar's head, decked with rosemary," in the chanting of carols, in the Morris dance, in the Lord of Misrule, and other joyous absurdities. As the refinement of advancing civilization progressed these rude and jocund crudities became subdued in their character, until we of the nineteenth century are feign to be content with the roast beef of the mother country, the plum pudding of King Arthur, our own well stuffed and luscious turkey, and that paragon of antique dainties, mince pie, whose origin has been theologically traced back to the visit of the wise men of the east, who brought with them the rich spice and the high-flavored wines of their remote countries to deposit in adoration at the manger of Bethlehem.

With the settlement of America many of the European customs attending the celebration of Christmas—for the festival of the Nativity was not a local ceremonial, but a cosmopolitan holiday—were imported with the colonists from beyond the sea. The cavaliers of Virginia and the Hollanders of New Amsterdam insisted upon observance of that day as a semi-religious jubilee, devoting the forenoon to expression of thanksgiving and the subsequent hours to a family re-union, followed by olden time diversions and pastimes. With New Yorkers of a past generation Christmas tide was held as a season of rational enjoyment; to, as says Washington Irving:—"This honest, grey-headed custom of setting apart a certain portion of this good-for-nothing existence for the purposes of cordiality, social merriment and good cheer, is one of the inestimable relics handed down to us by our worthy Dutch ancestors." In these railway times, conservated to toil and trouble, we regret to say that we have deteriorated sadly from observance of the habits of the burghers of this island. Nevertheless, let us fervently trust that a revival of ancient customs be received upon and effected, so that, as in days of yore, each hearthside be transformed into a shrine of Momus, before which faces, gloomy with constant toil, shall be, for a week at least, wreathed with smiles and merriment. Our people have need of a general rest, not for a day but for a series of days within moderation, and what higher or more ennobling sentiments of grateful mirth can be evoked than through listening to the heart inspiring words—MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"NONE SO BAD."

We can never be brought to believe that there breathes a being so utterly bad who has not one little corner in the heart from which are prompted feelings that would do honor to the noblest. The poor outcast in all her wretchedness is sometimes called upon to exhibit those traits that are supposed to have long left her. A thought of home, of mother, sisters and all dear (and still dear to her), before shame came upon her, is enough to call up the tear and make that heart pure for the moment. She lavishes her love upon a creature who cannot feel the first emotion of pity or sympathy, and who repays her love with curses. He is bad, yet the little word "mother" may attune a feeling in his breast and make him kinder to the one who gives him her affection. In the case of Maud Merrill, who was murdered recently, it was shown that, frail as her sisters in sin were, they were not so bad as to be lost to those feelings of humanity and sisterly love that their sisters who walked in the narrow path possessed. Poor unfortunate girl! In death she was not forgotten; kind and loving hands prepared her for decent burial; she was not destined to a pauper's grave. The word of God was spoken over the remains of one who in life had been shunned by those who were more immaculate in their purity. Who did this? Those who are thought to have parted with womanly instincts, courtezans. Don't preach to us about human depravity wholly and utterly lost to feelings of nobility after that. It seems that there was some difficulty in getting a clergyman to officiate; some declined on learning the character of the deceased. Oh, ye christians, pure in heart! You labor to save men's souls, yet when asked to hold the last rites over a departed soul steeped in sin you draw aside your garments in holy horror and say, "*Touch me not, I am holier than thou!*" Yet there is a spot in your hearts that is not bad; there is some one dear to you; there is something that calls the manhood up, but it didn't run that way. At last a minister *was* found, a man who was wholly good; he performed the christian act, and then spoke to the women in a way that they will never forget. It was good seed sown, and let us hope it will bring forth good fruit.

There is a man in this city who is a gambler, a rough and dissipated character; he associates with the worst of men and has committed offences against the law. He is what the world would call a bad man (not in the slang sense), a man who is supposed to be capable of anything wicked, yet he has a good spot in his heart. He wears a diamond pin in his breast, and that pin he loves better than life. Why? Because his mother gave it to him. She is dead, and that is all he has to remind him of her. Many a time he has been without money, yet he never offered to part with it or let it go one moment out of his possession; he would part with his life sooner. He is bad, but there is a little spot, way down in a corner of his heart, that can never be so. Orville, commonly called "Awful" Gardner, was a hard character at one time; possessing a bad temper, he was always in trouble, and could boast of very few friends; yet this man with all his badness had a good spot in his heart. He had an only son, a bright, beautiful boy, upon whom he devoted all his affection. One day while playing upon the wharf the boy fell into the water and was drowned. Gardner was away at the time, and when he heard the news his heart was broken; bad as he was that spot in his heart grew larger, and he became a changed man. When he would meet one of his old enemies, he would take him by the hand and ask him to be his friend. He had not gone so deep in the mire of guilt that he could not be saved. There does not live a man or woman who has not felt those emotions in the midst of a guilty career that belong to higher and purer natures. And how is it that in those professions that bigoted, prejudiced people look down upon, we find men and women performing actions that straight-laced harpies can never be capable of? That is a problem for the *savants*. As we said before, we can never be brought to believe that there lives a man or woman so utterly wicked that there is not a little spot reserved from the devil, that may be the means, by some unforeseen circumstance, of reclaiming a soul.

"ONLY THE SERVANT GIRLS" were "burnt up" in the Fifth Avenue Hotel fire lately, and yet the papers made a fuss about it. How foolish! If the souls of eleven good paying boarders had winged their flight in a halo of flame, or a suffocating cloud of smoke to that bourn from whence there is no return train—not even for wealthy passengers—there might be some excuse for the commotion; but what a preposterous idea, that a respectable hotel keeper should disturb his whole establishment and scare his aristocratic guests for the sake of saving the lives of a few scrubs, who can easily be replaced by a fresh importation, *via* Castle Garden. Some soft hearted people assert that one soul is as good as another, and that a scrub is worth more to the community than a wealthy idler, but these people are very partial observers, and have no idea of either the nice distinction which exists between the value of souls in the eyes of hotel keepers or the value of space in a large caravansary. Of course a tinder box on the roof or a tunnel under the street is good enough for them to sleep in, and no capitalists need draw upon his bank account to provide them with better quarters, or make those they have more accessible in case of accident. It was a great pity that eleven lives were lost, but, you see, it was a greater pity that the boarders were disturbed, and so much valuable furniture ruined.

MURDER UPON MURDER is added to the bloody record of crime in this city, and still the criminals are not brought to justice. The absurd quibbles of lawyers for the defense, the system of choosing jurymen, and the tardiness of the court of appeals have made a mockery of murder trials, and, although here and there throughout the country hanging for murder occasionally takes place, the gallows in New York has become an archæological relic, kept by the sheriff for the inspection of curious antiquaries, who may wish to view the instrument with which, in former times, the death penalty was inflicted.

WE ARE SORRY to note by subsequent developments that we were wrong in stating last week that the litigation over the division of Horace Greeley's property was settled. Apparently there was not much left by the too kind-hearted philosopher to fight over, but, for some reason or other, efforts are being made to deprive his orphaned daughters of a part of the little there is, and the irreverent hands of supposed friends have torn the veil which decently covered his hours of suffering, and which his political opponents had, more reverently, forborne to lift.

HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.—On the occasion of the sermons preached by Brother Talmadge at the time of the Boston fire, the dear brother is reported to have attributed the calamity to a judgment on the city. Is it not just as reasonable to suppose that the burning of Talmadge's Tabernacle on Sunday last was a similar judgment?

NOTES.—Now that it is a fixed fact that the Boston Club will be in the professional arena next season, more interest will be taken in the campaign of 1873. The Bostons will have their old nine, except McVey, who has been released from further service to the Boston Club, and will play in a new position in the Athletic nine. The club have secured Barnes, Leonard and Spaulding, and Gould will also resume his old position, which he has played so finely for so many years. Three faithful players, Schaffer and Rogers, too, will take a hand in, and the Wrights will resume their positions. They will also retain Birdsall, and get a new catcher in the person of either Hicks or Allison..... There will be six nines in the field in 1873—Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Athletic, Atlantic and Mutual, four regular and two co-operative..... The Athletics do not seem to be in a hurry about securing their nine. Let us say to them that they will make a mistake if they again go outside of Philadelphia to complete their number. Their strong point should be to make their new nine an all Philadelphia team, without an outside player in it. This will secure them a sympathy from the public which they will lack if they have a mixed party. McGeary, McBride, Fisler, Reese, Anson, &c., can be picked, and Sensenderfer and other Philadelphians, to complete their nine, would be far stronger than any outside help would give them..... The Baltimore nine will be very strong in batting, and up to the highest mark in fielding; but they will fall unless they are better generalled and managed than they were last year..... The Atlantics will have a strong team, we understand.

SKATING.—The cold snap of Sunday, 22d, when the thermometer approached zero in the metropolis, sent the ball up at Central Park and delighted thousands of the skating fraternity. The ice is now thick enough to ensure skating at the park during the holidays, and the scenes that will be presented there this week will be of the liveliest and gayest character imaginable, if a thaw does not interfere..... The Capitoline Lake was largely attended on Saturday, and great preparations are making for the carnival on the lake on Christmas day..... At Prospect Park the sport will be enjoyed on Christmas day by thousands if the cold weather continues, and a base ball match is likely to be played on the large lake on that day..... The Hoboken Skating Park is now in operation, and a carnival is to be held there on Dec. 26th. This skating resort is located on the cricket ground foot of Ninth street.

"UNION SQUARE SOCIABLES" are now given every Monday evening, commencing Dec. 23d, at Robinson Hall, fifteenth street, between Broadway and Fifth avenue.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen of this city, on Dec. 19th, a resolution was reported by the committee on public works, recommending an applicant a certain vacant piece of for leave to dispose of the Tombs, and to erect a [illegible] on the spacious prison, either in the vicinity of City Hall or on the river front.

☞ Mrs. Potts, proprietor of the Potts Restaurant in Grand, Bea[illegible] Street, died recently, as is believed, from the effects of poisons in the cream puffs purchased from a Youth of confectionery in the Centre Market. She [illegible] the necessary antidotes, and was to [illegible] person, London, Eng., to avail herself of the [illegible] but was afterwards buried out. His name, C. G. P[illegible] Bowers was arrested near Spring Hill, Mass., on Dec. 17th, and [illegible] to the murder in every detail.

☞ A meeting was held at Rockaway, Kns., on the 18th inst., in favor of amnesty to the [illegible] Fenians, at which considerable [illegible] of sympathy for the Irish element cheering on the [illegible] and carrying of their flags. A number of the Fenians were arrested, and fourteen of the [illegible] to prison.

☞ By the overturning of the first [illegible] on Dec. 15th, many [illegible] in Paris, France, were flooded. The [illegible] of Ghent, Belgium, were likewise inundated by the [illegible] in that section [illegible] many families.

☞ The Baron de Rothschild, Peninsa[illegible] at which considerable [illegible] of sympathy for the Irish element cheering on the [illegible] and carrying of their flags. A number of the Fenians were arrested, and fourteen of the [illegible] to prison.

☞ By the overturning of the first [illegible] on Dec. 15th, many [illegible] in Paris, France, were flooded. The [illegible] of Ghent, Belgium, were likewise inundated by the [illegible] in that section [illegible] many families.

☞ The Baron de Rothschild, Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, has been elected a member of the French Institute, in the room of the late Count Walewski.

☞ The building occupied by the Shakespeare Club, at New Orleans, La., was burned on Dec. 15th. Loss, $50,000.

☞ A freight train was wrecked near Dodgeville, Mass., on Dec. 17th, one man being killed.

☞ Nicholas Bellows, of Georgia, was fatally shot at Chicago, Ill., on Dec. 15th, while attempting to capture a burglar.

☞ The ship Machias, from Boston, Mass., has been wrecked off the coast of Northumberland, Eng., all on board being lost.

☞ J. Hawk, engineer, was killed on Dec. 18th, by a collision between a train and a freight train, at Baltimore, Md.

☞ Capt. F. M. Dunbar, of the merchant vessel Fannie, recently committed suicide at Galveston, Texas.

☞ Gen. Van Rensselaer has provisionally succeeded Bismarck in the presidency of the Prussian Council.

☞ The Perquson House, Kansas City, Mo., was burned on Dec. 19th. Loss, $34,000.

☞ During the past year 1,331 buildings, only 86 of which were frame, were erected in St. Louis, Mo., at a cost of $5,864,000.

☞ Decker and Bros.'s saw mill, at Baltimore, Md., was destroyed by fire on Dec. 17th. Loss, $40,000.

☞ The brig E. Bertha, of St. Johns, N. F., was lost on the 13th, Captain Pippy perishing.

☞ Three shocks of earthquake were felt at Portland, Oregon, and Victoria, V. T., on the 15th inst.

☞ Fleming & Co., of Toronto, C. W., sustained a loss of $100,000 by fire on Dec. 16th.

☞ A gale of unprecedented violence has swept over Naples, Italy, doing much damage.

☞ Rev. Mr. Talmadge's church, Brooklyn, N. Y., was destroyed by fire on Dec. 22d. Loss, $100,000.

☞ Eight miners were killed by an explosion at Silverdale, Eng., last week.

☞ Patrick Dougherty, who fatally stabbed M. Myers at Cleveland, O., has been acquitted on a plea of self defence.

☞ Mrs. S. Knox was killed at Harrisburg, Pa., by the explosion of a cooking range on Dec. 22d.

☞ On Dec. 20th Congress adjourned to Jan. 6th.

BILLIARDS.

FRANCOIS UBASSEY ACCEPTS JOSEPH DION'S CHALLENGE.—2,000 POINTS FOR $5,000 OR $10,000.—Two weeks ago the CLIPPER announced that at the close of the championship contest at Irving Hall, between John Deery and Cyrille Dion, the brother of the latter caused it to be publicly proclaimed before the audience had retired, that he was prepared to play any one in the country, and at any game, for from $2,500 to $5,000 a side. This startling challenge has elicited the subjoined courtly response from the great French billiard-player, Mons. Francois Ubassey, now in New Orleans. It will be seen that he proposes a game of 2,000 points, to be played in *seances*, as was the case with his famous match, five years ago, with Charles Barcer, of Paris. Should the proposed match between Dion and *Le Furet* be made, it will commence in this city on the 20th inst. Meanwhile both are diligently practising: Plunkett at his room, corner of Eighth and Vine, and Nelms at the Continental Hotel.

FOUR-HANDED GAME IN BROOKLYN.—At Valentine Bauer's room, on the 17th, John Deery and A. W. Jamieson played the four-ball game of 800 points up, against Amadee Guillotte and William Goldthwait, the first-named couple winning by about 50. Jamieson had the honor of making the best run, 243.

BILLIARD-ROOM REVIVAL.—The room of Mr. C. Laurent, of Carroll place, Brooklyn, closed on the 20th, was to have been re-opened on the 23d. In the interim the old tables were sold at auction, and five new ones, of C. F. Belau and Co.'s make substituted. There is to be an exhibition by experts after the holidays.

THE TRIGGER.

DEATH OF A VETERAN PIGEON SHOOTER.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, for many years the champion pigeon shooter of the United States, who died on Thursday, the 19th inst., at his residence in Greenville, N. J. For several months past he had been labouring under a scirrhus of the brain, which incapacitated him from business, although able to go around as usual. On Sunday evening, the 15th inst., he was attacked by paralysis, and never rallied. He was a native of Staffordshire, England, but came here with his parents at an early age. He was always passionately fond of shooting, and in 1834, in company with his brother William, went to California, where in the course of three or four years they both realized considerable money by turning their attention to the gun, to account in supplying wild game for the San Francisco market. On their return the deceased, in partnership with the late John Sylvester, opened the Dandy House Restaurant, in Jersey City, where they were very successful. He subsequently, in connection with his brother, ex-Congressman Noah Taylor, built and opened the well-known hotel bearing their name in Jersey City, and sold out his interest to his partner in the establishment some five years ago, for a large sum. As a pigeon shot he was known extensively, both at home and abroad, having shot matches against the representative knights of the trigger in nearly all the states of the Union. For years he was regarded as the champion shot of America, having defeated nearly every man he was ever matched against. The record of his contests would occupy too much space for us to name the famous shots he has been up against. Sanford, W. Shannon, W. King, R. Newell, E. Tinker, J. Tomlinson, Miles Johnson, R. Robinson, J. Tuers, W. Seeds, W. Carson, W. Mount, J. Carroll, J. Close, T. Beatty, H. Harshorn, J. Turner, and many others. For two or three years past he has not shot any match of importance except with John Tuers, whom he defeated twice, but his love for the sport continued to the last. The invention of the gyro-pigeon, recently introduced in England, was anticipated by him, for several years ago he had one in constant operation on his grounds at Greenville, and always used it in practising for his matches. His death will be lamented by a large circle of friends.

PAINE REPLIES TO WARD.—In response to the challenge of the Canadian pigeon shooter, James Ward, Ira Paine says he will shoot him on his own terms, viz., for $300 a side, at fifty pigeons, single rises, to trap and handle for each other in person, and out of the same lot of birds which Paine will furnish. This promises to result in a match, unless the Canadian knight of the trigger backs out, which we do not think probable, judging from his anxiety to get on a match with any one.

BUFFALO MECHANICS' SPORTING CLUB.—Such is the title of a new organization at Buffalo, N. Y., which is officered as follows:—President, John Ludwig; vice president, John Schneebauer; secretary, Geo. Stanger; treasurer, William Maiehoefer; directors—Fred. Schwartz, Henry Moeser, Albert Voit, Phil. Baldensberger and Michael Beck. Among the members are some shots of considerable repute, locally, and the club will be heard from next season.

A PIGEON MATCH was shot at East Newark, N. J., on Dec. 16th, between Reid, Pellenger and Frank Harrison, for $50 a side, at clay pigeons, 18 grisons of shot. Pellenger won, killing 15 out of 21, to Harrison's 11 out of the same number.

THE RING.

RACE AND AARON'S BENEFIT.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 4th, Jim Mace and Barney Aaron took a

bomime entitled "The Brigands." Burnham is to have a testimonial at the same place on Jan. 8th, at the hands of the athletes of Wood's New York Gymnasium. None but amateurs took part in Saturday's entertainment.

"THE FAIR OF AVI" opened at Martin Hall, Albany, N. Y., on the 17th, and will close on Christmas night. The attendance has been large.

SIDNEY MARLOWE is now in Philadelphia, where he proposes giving a reading of "Hamlet," in costume, after which he will visit the metropolis with a like object in view. This gentleman has been before the public as an actor for a number of years.

TOM THUMB AND WIFE, also Com. Nutt, gave two performances at Library Hall, Newark, N. J., on Dec. 19th and 20th.

A. WILSON HALL, Ithaca, N. Y., can be rented through Lee Woodward, bill poster, who advertises.

MECHANICS' HALL, Utica, N. Y., which was the only theatre there for many years, was recently sold to Mr. Harrison Gilmore, of that city, for $40,000.

A PANORAMA of the Chicago and Boston fires is advertised for sale in another column.

Amateur.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB of Cincinnati gave a good performance of "Caste" on the 17th, to a crowded house. The Davenport Club of the same place rendered the "Wife" on the 20th.

THE TIOGA CLUB gave an entertainment at their hall, Philadelphia, Pa., on Dec. 19th, performing "A Tender Attachment" and "A Close Shave," after which Frank Cremer gave a stereopticon exhibition.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

Dramatic.

PARIS, LONDON, &c., and elsewhere we have information relative to matters theatrical up to Dec. 7th. Though quite plentiful, was apparent, the only event of importance in the metropolis during the week, aside from the appearance of T. H. Fox, met at the Adelphi a length account of which is published elsewhere in this issue, was the production of a version of "Marcel," from the pen of Mr. Clement Scott, entitled "Tears, Idle Tears," at the Globe, on Dec. 4th. The story is as follows:—Wilfrid Cumberlee has by accident shot his only son, a boy of four years of age. Derangement has followed on the shock, and the Cheveniale man, tasoying himself an object of aversion to his wife and in danger from the law, has retired to confinement, watched over and tended by a devoted friend, one Davy Wright. Four years have elapsed, and a second son, born after the calamity, has reached the age of the child who was the victim of the accident. A festival in honor of the event is given, and the attempted Wilfrid is lured home on a dark night, knowing nothing of where he is going. When he awakes he is on a sofa in his own room. At the foot of the couch is his wife, his doctor is by him, and the rooms, even to the books and papers in it, is exactly as it was when he quitted it. The child is dressed so as exactly to resemble its predecessor. All are in the secret, and the patient when he awakes is persuaded that all the events of the past years have been delirious." For one week he is told he has been ill, and his son is shown him alive and well. With profound thankfulness he gives way to the delicious conviction that he is guiltless of the murder of the memory of which had so long haunted him. The process of cure goes on rapidly, and, when by the arrival of a letter incautiously allowed to reach him, he learns the pleasing fact that Wright has changed for more modern and polished dialogue. The adapter, M. Edouard Fournier, had set himself an arduous task in attempting to translate the version into the ordinary vernacular, and he has succeeded, although having changed the rhythm. The scenery and costumes are all new, and have been copied from authorities of the fifteenth century; so that the spectators can almost imagine that they are assisting at a stage play as performed in the fourteenth century. Miss Marriott made her first appearance at the Standard, in the character of Joanna Beans, on Dec. 24, and was enthusiastically received. Mr. Creswick, who appeared as Gladys in "Richard III." at the Princess', during the week. The strike of the gas-stokers had caused much inconvenience, and in several instances the necessary injury inflicted on managers nearly, was very great. The St. James was closed on the M inst., and the gas-fire illuminations outside were discontinued at all the theatres during the strike. The Gaiety burlesque company were to appear at the Surrey, on the following week. The Ada Cavendish was to assume the management of the Olympia, on the 16th inst. A new box entrance has been constructed, and it has been decided that Christmas novelties were in preparation at most of the theatres. "The Black Crook" is to constitute the attraction at the Alhambra. At the Standard, "Cinderella" was promised. "Babil and Bijou," with some new matter, will be continued at Covent Garden. "Goody Two Shoes" will be produced at the Princess'. Astley's opens again on the 26th, under the management of Messrs. Sanger, with a pantomime, written by Mr. Archibald, called "The Belle of Beauty; or, Harlequin William, the Conqueror and the Pretty White Horse with the Golden Hoof." Sadler's Wells is to have "Goody Two Shoes and Her Queen Anne's Farthing; or, Harlequin King Coneyfield and the World of Odds," written by Mr. Sheridan, "Gulliver; or, Harlequin Brobdignag and the Fair Persian," by W. Frank Green, will be the dainty dish at the Victoria. Three hundred children are to appear in the City of Lilliput. "Tommy and Harry; or, Harlequin Spelling Book, the Lion and the Horse, and What Don't Care Came To," will be produced at the Britannia. At the Royal Alfred "Aladdin," with Miss Carry Nelson as the Genie boy, will be produced. Miss Nelly Power is to be the Clown. The Surrey will, as usual, produce a pantomime. The new theatre in Newington Causeway opens, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, with a pantomime. "Hop o' My Thumb; or, Little Puffein, will have for its hero Master Percy Roselle, who will head an army of some two or three hundred children. "Puff King Hal" will be the Greenwich pantomime. At the Crystal Palace a new fairy spectacle, entitled "Jack and Gill," will be produced. New burlesques will be produced at the Gaiety and Adelphi, and at the Olympic a musical "review," by Alfred Tennyson, entitled "The Search for Crusoe," will be the attraction. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel R. Hanson commenced a six nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, Ireland, producing "Dead or Alive," on Dec 21. They were succeeded by George Vining, with the new play of "Marlborough."

J. L. Toole appeared at the Royal, Edinburgh, Scotland, during the week, opening in "Paul Pry" and "Off the Line."

MISS LIZZIE WILMORE began an engagement of six nights at the Royal, Belfast, Ireland, on Dec. 23, appearing in "The Female Detective" and the burlesque of "Medea."

BARRY SULLIVAN was the attraction at the Royal, Glasgow, Scotland, personating a round of Shakespearean characters.

MISS KATE BATEMAN was enacting the part of Medea with unqualified success at the Royal, Manchester, Eng.

CHAS. DILLON was playing to excellent business at the Royal Portsmouth, Eng.

THE OLD DRAMA. "Mysteries of Paris," is shortly to be revived at the Theatre Cluny, Paris, France.

"THE GOOSE with the Golden Egg" is the title of the Christmas spectacle at the Gaiete, Paris, France. One scene represents an army of costumed women of all nations and periods, from Eve downwards. Three hundred young girls were advertised for the supernumbers, or "travelers" for "flying fairies" in the transformation scenes.

GOBART, a once illustrious French actor, recently died in abject poverty in his native country. At the Cirque Imperial—now the Chatelet—Paris, he used to be noted for his impersonation of Napoleon I. in the military dramas then in vogue.

AT THE THEATRE FRANCAIS, Paris, "The Real Farce of Master Pathelin" was revived on Dec. 2d. This piece, which is really the first farce ever written, dates from 1467 to 1470, and the real author is not, and will probably never be, known. It has several times been played, transformed into modern French and Latin, and the present version closely follows the old rendering, the ancient forms of speech alone being changed for more modern and polished dialogue. The adapter, M. Edouard Fournier, had set himself an arduous task in attempting to translate the version into the ordinary vernacular, and he has succeeded, although having changed the rhythm. The scenery and costumes are all new, and have been copied from authorities of the fifteenth century; so that the spectators can almost imagine that they are assisting at a stage play as performed in the fourteenth century. Miss Marriott made her first appearance at the Standard, in the character of Joanna Beans, on Dec. 24, and was enthusiastically received. Mr. Creswick, who appeared as Gladys in "Richard III." at the Princess', during the week. The strike of the gas-stokers had caused much inconvenience, and in several instances the necessary injury inflicted on managers nearly, was very great. The St. James was closed on the M inst., and the gas-fire illuminations outside were discontinued at all the theatres during the strike. The Gaiety burlesque company were to appear at the Surrey, on the following week. The Ada Cavendish was to assume the management of the Olympia, on the 16th inst. A new box entrance has been constructed, and it has been decided that Christmas novelties were in preparation at most of the theatres. "The Black Crook" is to constitute the attraction at the Alhambra. At the Standard, "Cinderella" was promised. "Babil and Bijou," with some new matter, will be continued at Covent Garden. "Goody Two Shoes" will be produced at the Princess'. Astley's opens again on the 26th, under the management of Messrs. Sanger, with a pantomime, written by Mr. Archibald, called "The Belle of Beauty; or, Harlequin William, the Conqueror and the Pretty White Horse with the Golden Hoof." Sadler's Wells is to have "Goody Two Shoes and Her Queen Anne's Farthing; or, Harlequin King Coneyfield and the World of Odds," written by Mr. Sheridan, "Gulliver; or, Harlequin Brobdignag and the Fair Persian," by W. Frank Green, will be the dainty dish at the Victoria. Three hundred children are to appear in the City of Lilliput. "Tommy and Harry; or, Harlequin Spelling Book, the Lion and the Horse, and What Don't Care Came To," will be produced at the Britannia. At the Royal Alfred "Aladdin," with Miss Carry Nelson as the Genie boy, will be produced. Miss Nelly Power is to be the Clown. The Surrey will, as usual, produce a pantomime. The new theatre in Newington Causeway opens, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, with a pantomime. "Hop o' My Thumb; or, Little Puffein, will have for its hero Master Percy Roselle, who will head an army of some two or three hundred children. "Puff King Hal" will be the Greenwich pantomime. At the Crystal Palace a new fairy spectacle, entitled "Jack and Gill," will be produced. New burlesques will be produced at the Gaiety and Adelphi, and at the Olympic a musical "review," by Alfred Tennyson, entitled "The Search for Crusoe," will be the attraction.

MR. AND MRS. DANIEL R. HANSON commenced a six nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, Ireland, producing "Dead or Alive," on Dec 21. They were succeeded by George Vining, with the new play of "Marlborough."

J. L. Toole appeared at the Royal, Edinburgh, Scotland, during the week, opening in "Paul Pry" and "Off the Line."

MISS LIZZIE WILMORE began an engagement of six nights at the Royal, Belfast, Ireland, on Dec. 23, appearing in "The Female Detective" and the burlesque of "Medea."

BARRY SULLIVAN was the attraction at the Royal, Glasgow, Scotland, personating a round of Shakespearean characters.

MISS KATE BATEMAN was enacting the part of Medea with unqualified success at the Royal, Manchester, Eng.

CHAS. DILLON was playing to excellent business at the Royal Portsmouth, Eng.

THE OLD DRAMA. "Mysteries of Paris," is shortly to be revived at the Theatre Cluny, Paris, France.

"THE GOOSE with the Golden Egg" is the title of the Christmas spectacle at the Gaiete, Paris, France. One scene represents an army of costumed women of all nations and periods, from Eve downwards. Three hundred young girls were advertised for the supernumbers, or "travelers" for "flying fairies" in the transformation scenes.

GOBART

A WORD OF ADVICE

To a Rural Gentleman about to Visit New York for the First Time.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWNE.

And so you're coming down to pay
A visit to New York, you say,
My rural friend;
To gaze, with open-mouthed surprise,
And wonder beaming in your eyes,
At all the sights contained in this
Much talked about metropolis—
My rural friend.

Well, you will find a thing or two
That will, no doubt, astonish you,
My rural friend;
And are a week be at an end
I think you'll fully comprehend
The way in which the world here goes
Is somewhat different from Cohoes,
My rural friend.

You'll find things glorious and grand,
With some quite hard to understand,
My rural friend;
Proud buildings, that like giants rise
In grandeur bold, to smite the skies;
Long avenues, where daily pass,
The eager, bustling busy mass,
My rural friend.

Great marts of trade, where ceaseless strife
For Fortune ever surges rife,
My rural friend;
Imperious wealth and stately pride
With want and sin linked side by side;
Gaunt Penury with shrunken face,
And Opulence in gems and lace,
My rural friend.

And yet you'll need to have a care,
While stopping in our city fair,
My rural friend;
For there are some, I grieve to say,
Whose footsteps tread the broader way
That leadeth down to death and sin,
And these may seek to rope you in,
My rural friend.

I pray you, therefore, heed this rhyme,
And take advice that comes in time,
My rural friend;
For if you don't, as sure as fate,
You'll learn the better fact too late
That Gotham is a curious town,
Where folks are "done uncommon brown,"
My rural friend.

Remember, first of all, to keep
Your money in your pocket deep,
My rural friend;
And when you're walking on the street
Don't mind a word of all you meet,
For "friendly callers" on the cheap you'll find
Are of a most suspicious kind,
My rural friend.

If some bland gentleman should seek,
With modest terms, and manner meek,
My rural friend,
To get a small advance upon
A gold-cased watch, that "times the sun,"
And urges with a "please," don't "please it,"
But tell the "gentleman" to "cheese it!"
My rural friend.

Don't bet on any "little game,"
Thought it look ever so to be the same,
My rural friend;
For though your chances seem to be
A most apparent certainty,
You'll find that, when the catch unlocks,
The other chap will have the "rocks,"
My rural friend.

If any "gents" propose to play
At three-card monte tell them "nay,"
My rural friend;
And if they're very hard to try
Your luck at faro close one eye—
They'll understand the thing you mean—
"You're no fool, but you've not a bean!"
My rural friend.

You'd better keep away from "bluff,"
Until you're sure you're "up to snuff,"
My rural friend;
For though your aces and a queen
Ought to warrant you to bet till "seen,"
You'll find the other chap will cling
To four aces—and a king!
My rural friend.

If you should chance, some night, to meet
A tearful maiden on the street,
My rural friend,
Who pours her woes into your ear,
And calls you tenderly "My dear,"
And begs that with her you will go,
Just tell the "maiden" "not for Joe!"
My rural friend.

If you go to see "Lee and Lot—
Ah!"—and you may as well as not,
My rural friend,
Don't fall in love with the ballet girls,
Who wear short skirts and flowing curls,
Who tread the air like a very sil,
But—well, you'll find "how 'tis yourself!"
My rural friend.

If late, some night, you're on Broadway,
And see set forth in bright array,
My rural friend,
The glaring letters:—"Canterbury,"
Don't step in unawares, I might worry,
Remember then this good advice,
Look well before you "take a slice!"
My rural friend.

Your trip would scarcely be complete,
Without a stroll through Water street,
My rural friend;
But pray be cautious while you're there,
Don't stop ill-manneredly to stare
At those you meet, for if you do
Those chaps will "put a head on you,"
My rural friend.

Don't seek, when danger 'round you lurks,
To find out "how the old thing works,"
My rural friend.
If "sample rooms" you chance to see,
Don't let your curiosity
Prompt you to take a look within,
For all these things will prove "too thin,"
My rural friend.

In short, be like the serpent, wise,
And keep the wool from off your eyes,
My rural friend;
Enjoy yourself as best you may,
But do it in a proper way,
Shun every path that leads to strife,
Laugh often, but less often "smile,"
My rural friend.

Just let your actions be correct,
And walk in a way that's circumspect,
My rural friend;
And when you're visit's o'er at last,
And you re-call what e'er has passed,
You'll vote New York the loftiest place
That ever decked the world's broad face,
My rural friend!

FIRST APPEARANCES;

With Other Matters Touching Our Stage.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LE VOILA.

With the habitual play-goer of some years back few events in the theatrical world created a keener thrill of delight than the announcement of an approaching "first night," or of a coming "first appearance." The witnessing of a play on the first nights of its production he regarded to be an unparalleled treat, as inviting to vary the monotony of the ever-recurring stock of established dramas, for, in those days, every good English play was certain to be issued from the press and become the property of the community, while the novelty of a home-born comedy, opera or farce was a comparative rarity, too fascinating to be overlooked. Moreover, a piece of this last description was liable to be damned on its initial performance, and one could be sure of a presentation of the same with almost the self same pride that a book collector displays upon exhibiting to the covetous eyes of a brother antiquary the *unique* copy of some curious volume.

But, decidedly, the first appearance of an actor of established repute, especially of a star from beyond the seas, created the acme of enjoyment with the regular pitite, as it bestowed upon him unusual opportunity for discovering the merits of the new comer with every being of a similar class preceding him, accompanied by the privilege of announcing his individual judgment upon the *debutant* in advance of newspaper criticism. As a general thing, full houses invariably attended first appearances, provided the management judiciously employed the machinery for fabrication of public opinion gratuitous journalists were accustomed to place at its command.

In those days reserved seats, as at present conducted, were unknown extortions, although it is true that, to the patrons to the boxes on the first tier, generally presumed to be ladies, attended by their cavaliers, the belles and exquisites of the town, special ushers and ushereys provided tickets had been purchased, and the name of the purchaser registered at the box-office during the day of having their places reserved for them, free of charge, until the end of the first act. In the earliest days of the Park this privilege was secured most practically to the more aristocratic families, through the manager allowing their places to be occupied by household domestics until the arrival of their employers, an easy-going practice, and consequently, despite prejudice against police, it oftentimes chanced that a score or more of dusky Junos, Dianas, Pompeys and Jakes enjoyed, unmolested and unjeered, the honor of drinking in the impassioned words of Cooke, Kean and Booth, until the apparition of Master and Missus, or the first descent of the act drop, put in summary termination to their share in the night's entertainment. The moment the roller of the drop touched, with a reverberating thump, the stage, all pre-emptive rights ceased, and preferred patrons were left to obtain seats as best they could, while those on the back benches precipitately rushed to the front; and other patrons of the play, left out in the lobby cold, instinctively placed the latter box door between themselves and less fortunate outsiders.

As for the pit, although its glossy, well-worn, wooden benches were habitually occupied by wealthy merchants and citizens of repute, when visiting the theatre, unaccompanied by females, for woman's rights in the matter of a pit seat were determinedly ignored—entrance could only be effected upon the broadest democratic principles. To secure a favorable seat, a crowd of humanity huddled around the pit door, on a level with the street pavement, in a swaying, struggling, compact mass, hours before that barrier to the theatrical lower regions was ordinarily thrown down, a crowd swelled to prodigious dimensions on grand occasions, through fresh arrivals, until, when the well-secured portal was clamorously opened, the head of the human column pressed within it with a yell of triumph. Each pitite rushed wildly to the ticket vender, thrust his hand, garnished with a silver half dollar, for none were insane enough to aggravate public excitement by presenting a bank bill and tarrying for change, through a semi-circular hole, received a check in exchange, deposited it in the hands of the guardian of a second barricade, glided through an aperture in it, by him opened or closed at will, and dashed at head-long speed down a dirt-covered, inclined plane, enclosed within whitewashed walls, until he gained its farthermost end. Turning to his left, the pitite passed through a third aperture, or doorless doorway, entered the body of the house within a foot or so of the partition defending the orchestra from personal contact with the mass of auditors, and, exploring as near to the front as and upon such a bench as suited his choice in option, in this wise patiently and dexterously acquired. Satisfied with the result of his toil, the more elderly play-goer consumed the inevitable half hour intervening between his entry and that of the musicians by a learned discourse with his next neighbor, while the younger visitor beguiled his tedium either in munching peanuts, and tossing their shells broad cast on the floor, or in gazing fixedly upon the broad expanse of green baize cloth hiding from his view the mysteries of a mimic world, occasionally keeping his vitality in animation through stamping his feet or whistling popular *arias*.

In those halcyon days of the legitimate drama we enjoyed none of those expensive luxuries at present considering every metropolitan theatre. The private boxes alone were furnished with cane-bottomed, wooden-backed settees; but every other part of the auditorium was supplied with benches, fashioned after the manner of rude school house forms, those in the first tier of boxes having primitive cushions, covered with dirty colored woollen cloth. The ends of these benches, running directly in front of the box door, were moveable upon iron hinges, so that a passage way could be made from the front of the box to the entrance door. How our fastidious belles of Japonicadom, as the fashionable region of the city above Bleecker street was then denominated, could be made to undergo a night's martyrdom by reason of such inconvenient accommodations, it may, at the present moment, when our prior pit is transmogrified into a parquet, glistening with velvet covered arm-chairs, be impossible to imagine; still, their mothers and grandmothers disdained bodily luxuries when enjoying a feast of the soul.

Gloomy and austere as was the interior of the playhouse thirty years ago, and rude as would be deemed their accommodations, the audience in the leading theatres prided themselves upon observance of respectful demeanor, as far as the eye and ear were concerned. Did some god in the gallery venture to protrude his feet so as to be visible to the pitites below, a universal shout of "boots" from his monitors reminded him of his discourteous error; did some man in the pit, sweltering beneath summer's heat, venture to remove his coat, or did some occupant of the dress circle seat turn, and with his back to the audience, a salutary cry of "Trollop !" instantaneously terminated this affront to general dignity. The meaning of this ejaculation may be unknown to play-goers of this generation, as it was the name of an English lady, who, having visited our country, published a volume upon "Men and Manners in America," in which she pointedly rebuked the manifold indiscretions as to etiquet tolerated in the presence of ladies in many of our places of amusement, and hence we mentioned the name of our female censor to call an offender to a sense of shame.

It is honorable to the character of Americans that, instead of scoffing at the critical teachings of Mrs. Trollop, notwithstanding the palpable vulgarity of her cognomen, or of holding her up to ridicule, as we did in the cases of Fiddler, Basil Hall and other English tourists, we received her lessons with a thankful grace and set about correcting the breaches of decorum she had pointed out in her gossiping volume. At that time our people were frank and hospitable; still their free and independent manners, in public especially, were not in accordance with the rules of polished tastes. In our theatres, in those of the west notably, many abuses existed in matters of decorum, which managers desired to reform, but were unable so to do without concurrence of popular opinion, as the public at large were unwilling to forego established usages. It was not unusual with a stranger to carry with him into the theatre the habits tolerated at a hotel; hence, oftentimes, would we observe a western visitor loll upon his seat, his boot soles resting against a pillar, elevated above his head. Again, the tenants of the pit, oppressed by the heat, would conceive it be no lack of decorum to listen to a performance in their shirt sleeves, while some worthy citizen in the boxes, desirous of friendly conversation with an accompanying party, would assume a seat upon the box rail, between acts, and talk to his fair friends with his back towards the opposite side of the tier. Gross as were these social misdemeanors, there were other more trivial trangressions against propriety yet equally offensive. Few auditors entered the pit unless supplied with a full quart of roasted peanuts, which they munched and crunched the instant the act drop fell, while in the dress circle it was adjudged no indecorum for the fair ones to apply to their lips Seville oranges, to masticate Newtown pippins, or to quench their thirst with pungent negnues and lemonades, brought to them, in their boxes, by obsequious squires. The strictures of our female critic called attention to these obnoxious, but comparatively harmless, violations of the amenities of good breeding, which have entirely disappeared as an infusion of European manners was gradually engrafted upon our peculiar customs.

Still, much more reprehensible moral features were, at that date, suffered to taint the atmosphere of our theatres. In the lobby of the pit, upon those of the second and third tiers were invariably maintained drinking bars, laden with every species of intoxicating beverages, disposed of promiscuously to young and old, visiting them during the *entr' actes*, thereby encouraging a dissipation oftentimes productive of fearful disorder. Even on the second tier was the least objectionable of all, as it was chiefly supplied with oranges, prunes, fruits and dainties suitable for the consumption of the fair sex, whose cavaliers were too politic to drain too deeply at the flowing bowl, and thereby lose caste in female estimation.

The third tier, however, was the radical disgrace upon ancient theatrical management, being set apart as a species of exchange for moral sin, the sole females admitted there, generally free of charge, being women of acknowledged lewdness, whose personal charms and seemingly modest behaviour could serve as an attraction to allure to the theatre men about town, *roues* and strangers amorously inclined. Its saloon was generally filled with townsmen of the period, indulging in constant libations with the frail, yet fair ones, who, in turn, shocked modesty, although out of sight of the audience, with immoral words and gestures, rendering the place, when not awed by the presence of the police, a saturnalian pandemonium. It was the unaccountable persistence of managers in countenancing this foul blot that afforded our clergy and religious journals in the main text to declaim against the brutality of our metropolitan stage, and now, since it has been eradicated by their more judicious successors, the decrying howl of empty bigotry is but the dying echo of an alarm long ago sounded from the church steeple.

Speaking of parsons, I well remember the first appearance of the Rev. and Hon. Charles Beresford, who came among us preceded by flattering encomiums at Calais, Maine, the revenue of the post of honor, a near relative to the famous Marquis of Waterford, a man of intense erudition, who, contrary to common precedent, had deserted the pulpit to tear passion into tatters upon the stage. He made his *debut* in America in the character of Hamlet, at the Park, and a more lachrymose performance it was seldom mortal fell to the lot of man to witness. The gentleman possessing not the slightest qualification for the stage, much less ability to assume the greatest, noblest, most arduous and classical part known to the universal drama. Still the public pitied Mr. Beresford on account of his lineage; hence, after a couple of unappreciated trials, he threw up his engagement and relieved the sympathizing Simpson of a burden of which the church had happily rid itself.

The first appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews in America was a very curious specimen of American courtesy, blended with indignation. The then wife of Mr. Charles Mathews was the once beautiful and always fascinating Madame Vestris, daughter to Bartolozzi, the eminent engraver, himself a pupil of Salts. Friday edged, although comparatively an amateur, having been educated to the profession of an architect, to be the best representative gentleman on the London stage. The elder Mathews had ever been exceedingly popular with American playgoers, who naturally expected to discover in the son dramatic genius akin to that possessed by the father. Under such auspicious circumstances it was natural to presume that the advent of the junior Mathews and "the Vestris" would create a *furore* with people of all classes. Such, undeniably, would have proven to have been the case had not an unforeseen circumstance interposed to blemish the brilliancy of the managerial speculation, for the directors of theatres in those days secured stars for engagements, and subjected them to their brethren in other cities at advanced prices.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathews arrived in an unprecedentedly short passage for a homeward bound packet ship, and landed at Whitehall during the last days of summer, when the Park was closed. To avoid the heat of the town, Mathews and wife, with her female companion, sought refuge amid the rural shades of Manhattanville, where Simpson, at the Mountain House, above the clouds, that elevated hotel was likewise visited by the president of the United States, the secretary of state, and other dignitaries. Mr. Van Buren, as became a democratic executive, when dinner was announced, placed himself, surrounded by his distinguished associates, at the head of the long table, and presided over the congregation of guests with that affability and courtesy for which he was ever distinguished. In place of assuming their seats at the common table, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews ordered their meal to be served up in a private chamber, while Vestris' female companion eat from the same board with his excellency's company. This misconduct on the part of the English actors soon reached the ears of our city journalists; hence the public were duly put on the strued the affair into a deliberate insult to our popular president and to the nation at large. The democratic party was then in height of triumph, and its press teemed with anathemas on the heads of these "strolling vagabonds," who could not eat at the same table with our chief executive, but who thought "a lady's maid" fit society for the ladies of our nation. "Who was this Vestris?" they thundered, and New York became thoroughly acquainted with the most spicy scandals in the equivocal career of Bartolozzi's fascinating daughter.

During this storm the Park announced the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, in their most favorite characters, as Simpson felt that his popularity was anxiety to see these celebrities would extenuate an error, as he believed, of judgment or a misapprehension as to the custom of our country. But Simpson was grievously disappointed, for their first appearance on the American stage was to a beggarly account of empty boxes. Not a sound of approbation nor a mark of disapprobation greeted either of the performers. The sparse audience received their most brilliant efforts in studied silence. Much as public curiosity had been excited, much as playgoers longed to gaze upon the "Magnificent Vestris," a sensitive community resolved to manifest their displeasure at a fancied national insult through withdrawal of financial support. Our good folks argued that they could not conscientiously kiss Mathews, for he was an actor of incomparable merit, neither would it do to treat his wife in such an obnoxious manner, as she was of the feminine gender. Hence they concluded to leave the duo most severely alone. And they proved correct, for the imperious Vestris, accustomed to the meekest of homage from London worshippers, became disgusted at a constant succession of dreary houses, and therefore, nettled and outraged in her beauty and her dignity, her engagement to be cancelled, and returned to the scene of her innumerable triumphs, never to revisit this inhospitable clime during the remainder of her days.

Another first appearance nearly became occasion for a popular row at the Old Park. The arrival of the divine Fanny Elsler, the rival of Taglioni, in this country, which she triumphed to visit through her representations of the Chevalier Wilcoff, "the roving diplomat," created so intense an excitement as to prompt the manager to raise the prices of admission to the pit full fifty per cent. No sooner was announcement of this intention made public than the ire of the habitual pitites was raised to boiling pitch. Pens, ink, paper and printing presses were buried in the hold of the fortunate Simpson; communications reached him in manuscript and in print; the daily journals teemed with demonstrative articles, while the Sunday papers revived the reminiscences of the great O. P. riots, which had shaken London to its very centre. Vainly Simpson pleaded the im mense expense of an extra *ballet*, extra musicians, extra salaries, extra everything; the people were determined upon old prices, and the manager yielded, somewha reluctantly.

The politic retreat of Simpson proved, eventually, of more real profit to the management than had it persisted in its innovation, for, upon the night of Elsler's first appearance, the theatre was crowded to the very dome, while thousands were turned away from the doors only to re urn upon each successive night. The wonderful success of the divine Fanny has not to be pondered at, as she was the first actual *danseuse* appearing on our stage. Previously we had Madames Lecompte, Celeste, Gurbelli, one of the Taglionis, and some *artistes* of the second class, but never before had we seen the true poetry of motion, and I doubt much whether any *danseuse* approaching her has been since among us. The very piece in which the Elsler appeared was a happy selection, as "La Sylphide" was familiar to us, having been played hundreds of times as a semi-melodrama at the Richmond Hill and National Theatres, in order to display the marvellous symmetry of the exquisitely beautiful Miss Nelson, who, however, could not aspire to the elasticity, pantommic grace and *abandon* of the "divine Fanny."

A doubly melancholy first appearance was that of Mr. Maurice Power, son to the famous Tyrone Power, probably the best Irish comedian who ever lived, who performed avowedly to regain in some measure a portion of the wealth lost with his father at sea. The unfortunate Tyrone Power made his last appearance on any stage at the Park, playing Rover, in "Wild Oats," singular to remark, the first and only time he played in English comedy in America, and then embarked on board of the steamer President, commanded by his friend, Capt. Roberts, who brought the Sirius across the Atlantic in the first passage made by sole use of steam. The vessel was never again heard of, and, with Mr. Power, was lost the entire proceeds of his most successful professional tour in this country, the failure of the United States Bank, shortly before, having destroyed all confidence in American securities with a majority of foreigners. Unfortunately, this heavy loss seriously incommoded Power's family, and Maurice ventured, upon the popularity of his name, to tempt fortune on the stage. The very comparison proved fatal to his aspirations, for, although a very decent actor, his father was to him as "Hyperion to a Satyr," while, moreover, the very mention of Tyrone Power's name recalled memories truly painful to those who had basked in the smiles of this genuine child of Momus.

THE END OF 1872.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "DORE."

The old year is dying, and soon will be dead;
Its many bright days will have vanished and fled;
While the sorrowful hours on our lives it has cast
Will have gone to increase the long years of the past.
To some it has been like a bright, pleasant dream,
A pathway of roses 'mid a beautiful scene;
While to some it has been a dark season of gloom,
And some it has crowned with a dark, fearful doom.

And the poor—as in many a long year before—
They have struggled with poverty, heart sick and sore;
How they have watched their little angelic and woe,
Only God in his infinite knowledge can know—
The winter's cold blast finds them [illegible] and gaunt,
While each day is a hard— with grim visaged want,
Each hour's a heart-ache, each moment a pain,
While each year but repeats the same story again.

There [illegible] many a form lying silent and low,
Many forms that we knew but a brief year ago,
From the ranks of the wealthy—the world's chosen few—
From the den of the outcast—whom nobody knew—
From the ships on the sea, sailing slowly to shore—
While the statesman has gone, all his labors are o'er;
Each and all from this world have relinquished their care,
And have crossed the dark stream—they are all equal there.

So the years like each other are passing away—
Friends vanish to-morrow who are with us to-day;
Hopes that were brightest a short year ago,
Have all disappeared, or are shrouded in woe;
Others look back, with a sigh of regret,
At the thoughts of the pleasures they cannot forget,
While each one will cherish some memory that's dear,
Of the year that is ending—the old dying year.

"ON THE ROAD."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

"Hoop la !"

Spring time has come for the benefit of gentle Annie and the public at large, the winter's snow has melted, and the roads are knee deep with the mud. Those gentlemen who have been watching for "sleepers" all winter about the faro table, uniformed in a fur collar and a linen duster, group where the genial rays of the sun shine warmest, and count the risks that they have survived, and pray that they may continue to exist until straw hats are again generally worn.

Roll out the bill wagon and the paste wagon in the glory of their new paint, load in the gorgeous posters, the wordy programmes, handsome lithographs and illuminated cards. Supply the agents with abundance of contract blanks, give the press agent his cuts, and instruct him to make the columns of the newspapers as flowery as the hill sides in the coming May, and as gorgeous as the tinted heavens of an autumnal sunset. Fit the new paste brushes to their handles, lay in a stock of starch and tacks, and don't charge the manager a cent of profit thereon. Fetch out the horses and hitch up; I am anxious to see the first stand of bills for the season posted. Let the paste with a will, blister your hands, all together, boys, this is the best show on the road, and we are the bosses in the business !

Opposition stand aside and clear the track, the grandest combination of the universe is on wheels. Never was the little old man who directs the posting more in his element, and he sits upon his bill-wagon shouting his orders like a colonel of militia in a sham fight. How the paste flies over the heads of the men that form the rear of the lookers-on. You never saw the Splinter? Why, he is a sight worth seeing; he is built on the plan of a clothespin, and is as graceful as a turkey walking on a hot gridiron; his arms flap in the spring gale, and he throws his brush with the skill of a veteran. What a Bardolph he would make. I would require no further reddening of the nose; the color there is permanent. Such a pillow as he would have shone well in the train of the fat and lying knight.

This is the first season for Salts, of Syracuse, and at the outset he pokes the handle of his brush into the stomach of Friday, much to the discomfiture of that individual, who says Nova Scotia, the province of his birth, is a very fine country—and it don't rain. Jersey, the outlier, who is now commencing his career, conveys the impression to the small boys about the paste wagon that he is an "old showman," and wonders if the young lady who is viewing the picture of Mlle. Rosina on horseback does not imagine that he is the manager. He discovers during the evening that the mysterious maiden is a dishwasher at the hotel, and from the day he leaves Newark, New Jersey, to the time he engages in a fight at Calais, Maine, the revenue of the post department is increased and the national debt materially lessened by the bulk of their correspondence; tin-type portraits in sixteen distinct positions are exchanged, and much midnight oil consumed in the inditing of loving missives. John Garth, the programme juggler, gives the workers of the road a season of mirth when he informs the press agent is badgering a stupid Dutchman, who deals in lager and bologna, speaks but little English, and that very much mixed; the director of publications is annoying the managing editor—in short, the advance corps are all at work, once more "on the road !"

Wait until the day's work is finished and set yourself down with the boys in the comfortable warmth given out by the stove in the hotel office. The contractor is looking over the contracts he has made during the day. The man of the pen is thinking up the copy for a three-sheet poster. The paste brigade are indulging in reminiscences. The little old man is full of them and stretches the truth to an alarming extent. Jersey tells the most nance of stories, while Jersey himself, Friday and John Garth learnedly discuss the proper method of programming a show, and the Splinter at length secures the attention of all by relating his travels with Forepaugh, O'Brien and Haight and Wooten. As a preliminary he ties his long legs in a knot and proceeds by furnishing a recipe to keep paste from spoiling.

"He say always travels with the show that Charlie Castle goes with. Bob Armstrong, who used to be ahead of J. M. French, told me this story; last time I saw Bob he was a clerk in a hotel up in Rutland, Vermont. Doctor Jones, the writer, told me so. The doctor said that Steve's memory was not very good; so one night, when he was forgetting his arguments, and stood, he writ it on the foot board of the bill wagon with a piece of chalk. Ridin' over the country it got wore off, you know, by the rubbing of his feet, and when Steve came to a cross-road and wanted to ask the right road to take, he couldn't make out his memorandum; and he sat there, scratching his head and trying to think of the name. After a while a farmer driving a yoke of oxen sung out to a man who was workin' in the field close by:—

"'I say, mister, can you tell me the name of a town near here which sounds sunthing like peck?'

"In course the farmer didn't know what peck meant, for he had never traveled with a show; but he commenced to name the towns, and byme-by sez he, 'Eaton.'

"'That's so,' says Steve; 'Eating—Eaton—Eating; that's it; I get you, and by he went before the countryman had half finished telling him the way."

Early to bed, for the paste brigade must be on the road before daylight; the stands are all for one day, and there is no time to be lost. "Breakfast at four, landlord. Good night, good night." The trouble has not yet commenced. Wait until opposing companies strike our route, then the fun begins. Then the extra hands puts on his over-alls, and slings paste as if his existence were at stake; the contractor "jumps ahead," and secures billboards and posting-places; the writer dips his pen in wormwood, and the battle rages; telegrams from the managerial commander-in-chief in the rear flash along the lines, the action has become general, the armor is buckled on, and the fight is on.

The strength of the road stock is tested to the utmost, as the drives are long and man and horse begin to wear under the strain; rains set in and the roads become almost impassable. The agents hunt lots and licenses wading in the slush, the newspaper man tells no more funny stories to local editors, but is ugtier and bitterer than his writings. Jersey finds himself in Newark once more, and leave his much needed rest in writing letters to the fair dishwasher; Friday is the only happy man in the crowd; the weeping heavens and the muddy streets remind him so much of the land of Longfellow's Evangeline.

A mob of boys run howling after the two teams that are dragged through the street at a furious rate, considering the state of the mud; the enemy have got their paste brigade of the other show is here. "Now look out for a clash and a quarrel," you say? No, there is where you make a mistake. The representatives of the rival circuses greet each other in the most cordial manner, with many a hearty clasp of the hand and enquiry as to each other's health and prosperity. In an incredible short space of time the new-comers are at work, the ringing echo of the carpenter's hammer tells of the rising of the mammoth bill-boards. Like chivalrous soldiers they fight for the flag of their employer, leaving no duty undone that shall tend to bring him success; but when the day's labors are over they will gather about the stove in the hotel office and revive pleasant recollections of the past or discuss the merits of their respective shows.

In the fall of the year you will find them resplendent with new suits, laden with jewelry and brilliant with diamonds, their pockets distorted with immense wads of small notes, finding a welcome wherever they go—as long as the money lasts. There may be a perceptible difference in the texture of the cloth which the Splinter wears, and that stunning pin on his breast may not be an "Alaska," but what of that? he feels just as big in his new suit as any man who has been ON THE ROAD.

AVARICE.

A New Orleans correspondent of the CLIPPER sends us the following little bit—a story characteristic of the spirit of avarice in Jefferson parish, La. :—

A farmer, on the eve of "pegging out," said to his wife: "My dear, I am going to die; therefore wish to make my will. All my fortune in this world is a horse and a dog. You will sell the horse and give proceeds to my relations. As to the dog, you can keep him for yourself." And the old man died.

Her mourning over, the widow wishing to obey the last instructions of her dead husband, took the horse and dog to market and offered them for sale. She was offered two hundred dollars for the horse, but no one would buy the dog.

"I will not sell one without the other," said the woman; "give me two hundred dollars for the dog and I will let you have the horse for five dollars." The purchaser accepted, though he thought it a queer bargain. The next day, obeying her husband's instructions, she sent the five dollars, price of the horse, to her husband's relations, and kept the two hundred, price of the dog, for herself.

MISS KELLY, the English actress, was standing one day in the street enjoying the vagaries of Punch with the rest of the crowd, when the showman came up to her, and solicited a contribution. She was not very ready in answering the demand, when the fellow, taking care to make her understand that he knew who she was, exclaimed, "Ah! it's all over with the drama, if we don't encourage one another."

SMITH AND BROWN, living opposite ways round a corner, struck each other. "Oh dear!" says Smith, "how you made my head ring !" "That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "Didn't you's ring ?" said Smith. "No," said Brown. "That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BRUDDER BONES AT A RAFFLE.

SCENE—*near the Bowery Theatre—time, evening—snow falling. A Raffle shop close at hand.*

Enter BONES *with the usual implements of his vocation.*

BONES.—"Otsilum's occupation's gone !" Dere ain't no bones fought ob now but turkey bones, and I aint eben got so much as a leg. Golly ! how hungry I is. Here comes dat cheeky nigger, Jim Jessel. I'll see if he's got any stamps.

Enter JIM JESSEL, *with a bundle.*

JIM (*sings*).—Sing, darkies, sing de chorus!
Shake de bones, de banjo play;
Burying we'll drive before us—
Mem gib us holiday ! [BONES.

(*Laughing.*)—What, dat you, Brudder Bones? What you look so solemn, dis time stewin', when ebrybody else is gay.

BONES.—Yis'm, dat's what I am, and what's more, I aint had no dinner, and I can't raise no stamps to take my gal to de ball, and I don't feel berry well myself, anyhow.

JIM.—Hyer, don't sag down in dat way, Bones. You know, Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady, nor's good dinner nudder. Come—de grease isn't all eat ob dem old Jim yet. Let's go ober to Joe Johnson's yonder. Dar's a raffle goin' on dere, and may be we can smouch in.

BONES.—Don't talk of Joes—hot Joes especially. Wish I was like Shakespeare's "times:"—"Nebber eat of hot."

[*They go towards raffle shop.*

JOE JOHNSON, *entering.*—You'n de worry boys I was lookin' for. Dere's fun ahead ober at my shanty, and dere ain't no music for de folks to dance to. Come along, and you shall hab all you can eat and drink, and a chance to win de fattest turkey in de coop.

BONES.—Dat's enuff; lead on—we'll follow.

A stage dance, after which the party assemble, with singing and dancing, Brother Bones drinking with every one in the house. Then:—

Chorus.—Shout, shout, darkies shout!
Christmas am a comin'
Hark! in de distant wood
I hear de curkiss drummin !
Turkey robbin's all de go,
Bress de lam we shall hab some;
Shuffle sorry, ye nimble feet,
Send old care to kingdom come !

Bones of ruffling amusement with Jessel to deserted winner of the big turkey, and is borne round the room on the shoulders of the crowd; becoming oblivious, a boy, supposed to contain the prize, is handed him, and he starts for the residence of his relations, where he falls on his knees before her, in presence of a large company, and draws from the bag—a defunct cat !

Cries of "shame !" "drunk, shame !" "hustle him out !" and general scrimmage, in the midst of which Jim Jessel skips off with the real object of attraction, and scene closes.

I'M WAITING FOR THY COMING STEPS.

BY R. F. DALTON.

I'm waiting for thy coming steps,
I'm waiting, love, for thee;
I'm waiting, too, to kiss thy lips,
And wander o'er the lea;
The moon is brightly beaming,
The stars emit their rays,
Oh! come, my Nellie darling,
And grace the silvery scene.

Chorus.—I'm waiting for thy coming steps,
I'm waiting, love, for thee;
I'm waiting, too, to kiss thy lips,
And wander o'er the lea.

I'm waiting for thy coming steps,
Oh, haste, my love, to me;
For something sweet to whisper,
Which I've long'd to tell to thee;
Thine eyes, like stars in Heaven
Shall truly answer me;
Oh! come, my gentle maiden,
And wander o'er the lea.

Chorus.—I'm waiting for thy coming steps, etc.

A CHRISTMAS PLAY BILL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The following is a copy of the programme of the performance given at the theatre in New York fifty-four years ago. It will be seen that pantomime was the feature of the holiday entertainment provided for the old Knickerbockers and their descendants:—

THEATRE.

On FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 20th, 1818, will be presented (for the first time this season) the new Pantomime of

GEO. BARNWELL; OR, THE LONDON APPRENTICE.

Thoroughgood...Mr. Robertson	Jaller.....Hopper
Uncle.....Johnson	Servant.....Nexsen
George Barnwell.....Simpson	Maria Wood.....Miss Hughes
Trueman.....Moreland	Maria.....Johnson
Blunt.....Baldwin	Lucy.....Mrs. Baldwin

After which Mr. Howard will sing the favorite song of "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," and "Barney, Leave the Girls Alone," by Mr. Barnes.

To which will be added (for the first time in New York) the Comic Pantomime of

MAGIC AND FUN; OR, HARLEQUIN OCEANUS.

With new Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, Decorations, &c. Scenery designed and executed by Messrs. Holland, Robins and assistants. The Pantomime got up under the direction of Mr. Parker.

Oceanus (with a song)	Mr. Garner
Pasmonicus (afterwards Harlequin)	Parker
Paul Flounder (afterwards Pantaloon)	Baldwin
Flip Flap Flavius (afterwards Clown)	Graham
Fishermen (with glee)	Graham, Howard, &c.
John Lump (with a song)	Moreland
Lottery Office Keeper	Hopper
Jew	Nexsen
Landlord	Offill
Fisherwoman	Miss Brundage
Doris (daughter to Oceanus, afterwards Columbine, being her second appearance this season)	Mrs. Parker
Gobbler, Firemen, Grocers, Porters, Soldiers, Butcher, Baker, Cook, Old Woman, Kitchen Maid, Lodging House Keeper, Lady, &c.	

PROSPECTUS OF THE PANTOMIME.

SCENE 1.—Views of the ocean. Boats discovered. Fishermen sing a glee—storm—the lightning destroys the boats and splits the boat. Pasmonicus, in despair, throws himself into the sea.

SCENE 2.—A forest. Fishermen enter, bearing one of their wives, who has been exposed to the fury of the tempest.

SCENE 3.—Submarine palace. Coral, &c. Pasmonicus and Paul Flounder discovered lying on the stage; they rise, start at seeing each other; are going to carry away some coral, when Oceanus rises and changes Pasmonicus to Harlequin and Paul Flounder to Pantaloon, and introduces his daughter Doris, whom he changes to Columbine; Flip Flap Flavius starts from behind a shell, and the usual pantomime business begins. Harlequin and Columbine escape, and Pantaloon and Clown are exeunt in pursuit.

SCENE 4.—Private house changed to butcher's shop. "Mat—Fat Butcher." Harlequin and Columbine enter and go into the lodging house; Pantaloon enters, but quickly runs back, with his wig on fire; firemen and boys enter with an engine which Harlequin changes to a grate. He likewise changes a private house to a butcher's shop; Clown steals meat from an old woman and puts it down to the grate to roast; he then puts it in his hat for a frying pan; they put the meat down to roast, but it flies away and leaves only the bones. Harlequin pursued. Leaps thro' a play bill against the wall. Comic scene with Clown, Pantaloon, old Woman and Porter.

SCENE 5.—Garden. Fountain, bower and orange tree. Pas Seul, by Columbine. Pantaloon and Clown pursue Harlequin, who leaps thro' the fountain and changes Clown to a cobler's stall. Cobler at work; clown steals the boots, &c. Harlequin changes the orange tree to a soldier, who fires his musket and Pantaloon and Clown run away.

SCENE 6.—Street, with a view of "Allen's Lottery Office." A dandy and lady go into the house. John Lump enters and sings "I Sit at the Fashions." Clown enters and dresses himself as a la mode, steals clothes from the office and exits in a hurry with two clerks at his heels.

SCENE 7.—Open country. Cottage and sign, well, &c. Harlequin, &c., enter, pursued; Harlequin hides behind the sign; Clown and Pantaloon; Harlequin hides behind the table; when they go to light their pipes, Harlequin's head appears upon the table and lights upon each foot at the sides; they endeavor to knock him down with a chair, when the table appears to walk off; Clown goes to the well to draw water and falls in; Pantaloon, endeavoring to assist him, falls in likewise; after much comic distress, they are relieved by the landlord and countryman, and exeunt in pursuit.

SCENE 8.—Grocer's shop, with Chinese figures in the window. Harlequin and Columbine enter the house, pursued. Porter brings on a chest which is changed to a cannon. Clown steals some rolls from a baker, loads the cannon with them and fires at Harlequin, but misses him and blows away the door of the shop. Harlequin leaps thro' a window, and the Clown and Pantaloon assault, pursue and forget him.

SCENE 9.—Inside of a kitchen. Cook and kitchen maid discovered at work; Harlequin and Columbine disguise themselves in their clothes; Harlequin is discovered and makes his escape by jumping through a fish kettle. The Clown takes down the fish kettle and puts the top on it to secure him; when they take the top off Harl

amount of which should be equal in value to one-third of his entire estate; and, even in such an event, Mrs. Forrest would still have ha l the option to accept such bequest in lieu of dower, or, declinatgrit, to claim her dower. All conveyances of real estate that have been made by Mr. Forrest since the decree of the court in the divorce case referred to, we are informed, have contained a clause excepting in the conveyance the wife's right of dower. Therefore, under these premises, we do not see how the trustees can convey unto the purchasers of the real estate a good title in fee simple, unless they first compromise with Mrs. Forrest for her right of dower in the entire estate.

In the outline of his plan for founding the "Edwin Forrest Home," in article 2, the following ambiguous words occur:—

The number of inmates in the Home shall never exceed the annual net rent and revenues of the institution.

What does this mean? Are we to infer that there shall be only as many inmates as the net revenue of the Home shall comfortably maintain; and if so, supposing that a given number should be so maintained for a number of years, and then from unforeseen causes the net revenue should not be sufficient for their support, what shall be done with the numbers in excess of such support? Shall they be discharged, and if so, how will it be decided whom of the number shall leave? In the same article occurs the following sentence:—

And after the number of inmates therein shall exceed twelve, others to be admitted shall be such only as shall receive the approval of the majority of the inmates as well as of the managers.

After the thirteenth member has been admitted, it will be seen that every applicant for admission must be balloted for and receive a majority of the votes of the inmates and managers combined. Will not this lead to dissension? Jealousy is a prominent trait among the members of the dramatic profession, and any slight which might have been inflicted upon any of the inmates in previous years by the candidate for admission might be remembered, and so operate to his disadvantage.

The foregoing general outline of my plan of the institution I desire to establish has been sketched during my preparations for a long voyage by sea and land, and, should God spare my life, it is my purpose to be more full and definite; but should I leave no later will or codicil my friends who sympathize in my purposes will execute them in the best and fullest manner possible, understanding that they have been long meditated by me, and are very dear to my heart.

We deeply regret that Mr. Forrest, with his vast professional experience and long association with dramatic artists, did not explain his ideas and plans for the Home in a manner "more full and definite," although it is probable he may have communicated such to his intimate personal friends, Messrs. James Oakes and Daniel Dougherty.

The foundation of such a home is highly laudable, and, if properly established and managed, will prove an enduring monument to the great tragedian. We trust that all future proceedings regarding the proposed establishment may be conducted harmoniously, so that the great good intended to be accomplished may be so, both in spirit and deed. Judging solely from the perusal of the will, Mr. Forrest seemed to have had but a vague idea of the business details necessary to establish such an institution, and to perfect it will require great care, much thought and deep study upon the part of those upon whom the task devolves.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ABBOTT, John—Served in the war of 1812, and an old and much respected resident of Peabody—suddenly, Peabody, Mass., Dec. 23d, aged 84.

ARSENIA, Sister—Sister of Charity and directress of St. Ann's Infant Asylum, Washington, for the past ten years, and may be said to have been its founder—pneumonia, Washington, D. C., Dec. 10th.

BERGHMANS, Alfred—Counsellor of the Belgian Legation—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 9th, aged 39.

BENNETT, Dr. Gilman L.—Served several years in the Maine legislature, was one of the senators from York county for over two years, county treasurer for a period, and for a long time a trustee of the Insane Asylum—South Berwick, Me., Dec. 9th, aged 67.

BIRD, Gilbert Judson—Editor of the *Banner of Liberty*, Middletown, N. Y.—Insane Asylum, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 12th.

BROOKFIELD, Dr. Joseph—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 17th, aged 58.

BANCHARD, John A.—Senior member of the house of Blanchard, Converse & Co., merchants of Boston, and for the past two years treasurer of the Pepperell and Laconia companies of Biddeford, Me.—Boston, Mass., Dec. 17th.

BLAKE, Admiral George Charles—Twenty years naval gentleman usher to H. R. H., the late prince consort—Bury, Eng., Nov. 14th, aged 84.

COLLINS, Mr.—Ex-member of the 99th regiment of New York Volunteers, latterly a resident of Portsmouth, Va., and a well known diver—suffocated while engaged in diving. Some time ago one of the steam launches belonging to the navy yard lost her propeller, and Mr. Collins, in company with several others, made arrangements to search for it. For this purpose they started in a boat to the supposed spot, and Mr. Collins, dressed in his diving suit, was lowered. After remaining under the water for some time it was thought he gave the signal to be raised, and on being brought to the surface it was found, on removing the cap, that he was dead—Norfolk, Va., Dec. 5th.

COOLEY, Aaron—Better known by the *sobriquet* of "Buff Cooley," a Boston celebrity, and who had met with many adventures during life, one of the most memorable being the act of rescuing William Lloyd Garrison from an infuriated mob in 1835—Boston, Mass., Dec. 7th, aged 63.

CONVERSE, The Rev. Amasa—Prior to 1860 was the publisher and editor of the Philadelphia *Christian Observer*—Louisville, Ky., Dec. 9th, aged 77.

CRANE, L. W.—Treasurer of the Fort Wayne, Muncy and Cincinnati railroad—softening of the brain, Boston, Ind., Dec. 18th.

CANTRELL, John A.—Well-known druggist in the district of Southwark, Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia, Dec. 17th, aged 60.

COOK, Capt. Christopher—Retired whaling master—New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 11th, aged 64.

CLARK, Mrs. Sally—Left behind her twenty-two grand-children, thirty-two great grand-children, thirty-three great-great grand-children, and was the oldest lady in Rockport—Rockport, Mass., about Dec. 14th, aged 90.

CUTLER, H. R.—Member of the Lawrence city council during the present year, and councilman elect for the coming year—small-pox, Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 17th.

CROAKS, The Hon. David—Ex-member of both branches of the Massachusetts legislature, and had held other positions of trust—Essex, Mass., Dec. 16th, aged 76.

DAWSON, Mordecai L.—Born in Philadelphia, April, 1790, and a grandson of William Dawson, once a famous brewer of that city; manager of the Pennsylvania Hospital nearly twenty-eight years, and president of the board sixteen years; a director of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum for thirty years; a manager of the Mantuan Society for twenty years; also was manager of the House of Refuge and director of Girard College for fourteen years—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8th, aged 73.

DISRAELI, Mary Ann Evans—Viscountess Beaconsfield, wife of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, distinguished member of the British parliament, and the only daughter of the late Capt. John Viney Evans, R. N.; created Viscountess Beaconsfield, in her own right, in 1868, was twice married; first in 1815, to Wyndham Lewis, M. P., and to Mr. Disraeli in 1839—London, Eng., Dec. 18th.

DURKART, Capt. J. M.—Commander of the steamship Cuba, of the Baltimore and New Orleans line—New Orleans, La., Dec. 17th.

DOUGLASS, John—See foreign news column.

DURANT, Lady—Leading witness in the celebrated Tichborne property claim trial; in consequence of her dangerous illness it was deemed advisable, on the part of the crown, to take her deposition with regard to the prosecution of the Tichborne claimant at her residence; she married the late Sir Edward Doughty in 1827—England, about Dec. 13th.

FELL, Penrose—A director of the Philadelphia public schools—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 27th, aged 65.

FAGAN, John—Grandson of Captain John Walsh, who, during the revolution of 1812, commanded and partly owned several of the privateers and letters of marque sent out by Thomas Fitzsimmons, a member of the continental congress from Philadelphia. His father, Nicholas Fagan, was a prominent builder of Philadelphia, and erected a number of large buildings there the old St. Augustine Church, in Fourth street, destroyed by a mob during the native American riots of 1844. In 1826 he went to Onondaga, New York, where he purchased and published the Onondaga *Register*. Disposed of this paper, he returned to Philadelphia in 1827, and entered the type and stereotype foundry of Jedediah Howe. He enjoyed the warmest personal friendship and esteem of Cooper and Washington Irving—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 3d, aged 73.

GODDARD, Capt. Elisha T.—Of Rumford, and served in the 13th Maine regiment—supposed to have been caught or thrown under his wood sled; he was found alone with a pair of horses and oxen, and when found had been dragged under the sled about eight rods—Rumford, Me., Dec. 15th.

HOLLINGSWORTH, Dr. Samuel L.—Leading Philadelphia physician —Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 14th, aged 56.

HUTCHINS, Ephraim.—Four years postmaster of Concord, under Taylor and Fillmore—Concord, N. H., Dec. 11th, aged 69.

HARTWELL, John B.—Merchant and manufacturer of prominence in Providence, and head of the firm of Hartwell, Richards & Co.—dropped dead in his store, of heart disease, Providence, R. I., Dec. 9th.

HUNT, Jesse—Much esteemed citizen of Baltimore; served as mayor of that city in 1833, and again in 1834; filled the office of city register for five terms, was several years a member of the state legislature, and officiated as president of the Butaw Savings Bank from 1847 until his death—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 8th, aged 80.

KENSETT, John Frederick—Celebrated landscape painter; born in Cheshire, Conn., March 22d, 1818, and was a nephew of Alfred Daggett, the famous engraver of bank note vignettes —Pneumonia, New York City, Dec. 14th, aged 54.

KELLENBERGER, The Rev. Philip—Had recently been ordained for the priesthood—Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 15th, aged 36.

LENOX, James—(Colored) secretary of the state of Mississippi, and formerly a resident of Maryland—pneumonia, Jackson, Miss., Dec. 17th.

LUNT, Joshua } Man and wife; had lived together sixty-four
LUNT, Mrs. } years, and died within a few hours of each other —Deering, Me., about Dec. 10th, aged, man, 85, the wife 88.

LA ROCHE, Dr. René—Descendant of a physician who was a native of San Domingo, and was obliged to fly from that island during the terrible massacre of the whites at the close of the last century; born in Philadelphia, in 1800, he took the full University of Pennsylvania, and assumed the practice of the medical profession; was a volunteer during the war of 1812, and attained the rank of captain. At the time of his death he was a member of the Board of Health—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8th, aged 77.

LOGUE, Mr.—Sheriff for the district of Airdrie—suddenly of paralysis, while on the bench trying a case of assault, and was in the act of administering the oath to one of the witnesses, when he suddenly dropped down—Airdrie, Scotland, Nov. 23d.

McLEOD, Sir Donald—Ex-Lieutenant Governor of the Punjaub—killed by an accident on the under-ground railway, London, Eng., Nov. 28th.

MULVEY, The Very Rev. Thomas—Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Virginia—Petersburg, Va., Dec. 18th, aged 54.

MITCHELL, W. Fisher—School director, and at the time of his death a member of the common council (4th ward)—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 10th, aged 56.

MCHUGH, John—Volunteered in the late war and held a captain's commission in the Sixty-ninth Regiment, P. V.—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 12, aged 41.

PETRY, Nicholas—Formerly proprietor of "Petry's Restaurant," Philadelphia, a famous resort for merchants, bankers, brokers and others, and noted for the excellence of its edibles: a native of Rhenish Prussia, and had been in this country about twenty-three years—suddenly, of heart disease, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 17th, aged 56.

PEREIRA, Hermann—General superintendent of the North German Lloyds, and had but recently returned from an American trip—Bremen, Germany, about Dec. 10th.

PRATT, Edward—Soldier of 1812—Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 9th, aged 81.

PLON, M. (Henri Desire—Celebrated French publisher—Paris, France, recently, aged 57.

POLLARD, Edward A.—Well-known southern editor and author—Lynchburg, Va., Dec. 17th, aged 46.

REED, Jesse L.—Long an *attache* of the *Baltimore Sun* corps—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 16th, aged 51.

ROOT, The Rev. E. W. T.—Rector of St. Paul's Church, Portland; during the late war was chaplain of a Rhode Island regiment; last year represented the diocese in the Geneva Convention held at Baltimore, Md.; was a professor of Bowdoin College; while on one of his travels in Europe was chaplain of the American Chapel at Paris—small-pox, Portland, Me., Dec. 14th, aged about 45.

ROWLAND, Dr. Daniel C.—West Newton, Mass., Dec. 10th aged 80.

RULOW, John W.—Fifty years and upwards a merchant in Philadelphia—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 15th.

RUSSELL, Wm. Henry—Leading merchant of long standing in Boston, Mass.—Paris, France, Dec. 14th, aged 73.

BOGERS, John W.—Merchant and leading citizen of Boston, and formerly of Salem—Boston, Mass., Dec. 9th, aged 84.

SR. JOHN, Capt. Spencer—Of the Fourth Pennsylvania Reserves, a soldier of the Mexican war, and member of the Scott Legion; son of the late well-known "Jim St. John"—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 11th, aged 42.

SAYRES, Mrs. Mary—Of Louisville—Louisville, Pa., about Dec. 10th, aged 84.

SEWALL, Mrs.—The oldest person within the limits of Newbury, and one of the choir of girls who greeted Washington with a song upon his entrance into Newburyport—Newbury, Mass., Dec. 8th, aged 97.

TAYNOR, John—Famous shooter. See trigger department.

WALKER, Mr.—Alderman of the Brooklyn common council, representing the 15th ward—apoplexy, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 16th, aged 58.

WARE, The Rev. Thomas—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 18th, aged 58.

WARNER, Gilman—More than thirty years one of Hilbert's (Mass.) most prominent traders, but more recently one of the proprietors of the St. James Hotel, Jacksonville—suddenly, Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 16th, aged 60.

WATSON, Andrew—One of the Scottish radicals, who were banished for their political offences early in the present century; born in 1810; took part in the Bonnymuir rising in 1820, was captured and banished to America; resided there many years, returned to Scotland and ultimately to Glasgow, where he died, about Nov. 20th.

WARNER, John—Chief engineer of the fire department, Columbus—thrown from the rear car, and killed while serving in the Mansfield war, Columbus, O., Dec. 16th.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

O, Youth, it is thoughtless, and Love it is blind,
Regardless of mundane surroundings;
And because that spoon are but half in their mind,
They reck not of weather—or water or wind—
And drift from all sensible soundings.

It was April the month, and the hour it was night,
And charity cold was the season,
The frost on the ground was a palpable white,
But Rollo sat wrapp-d in a trance of delight,
As heedless of rime as of reason.

Not alone was the lady that wisperly eye,
For o there pall and ring and fooling,
Not singly she kept on the tender qui vive,
For a pair of them sat—if you'll only believe
Mrs. Partington—billing and cooing.

"Sweet spirits of night!" the enraptured one said,
As the stars twinkled clearer and brighter;
But next morn it was bed for the day, and instead
Of "sweet spirits of night" she'd a cold in the head,
And a dose of sweet spirits of nitre!

TRAGEDY IN BRUSSELS.

M. Edmond F. was a half-pay captain of cavalry, who left his native town of Chatean-Chinon about forty years ago in order to accept a position as manager of an iron foundry in the vicinity of Brussels. In the year 1842, at the age of twenty-four, he was *sous* lieutenant of a regiment of dragoons garrisoned at Lille. There he seduced the daughter of a respectable merchant and abandoned her to her shame. The poor girl soon found herself in a condition which rendered exposure unavoidable. In order to conceal her fault she fled from her father's house and was seen no more.

Last week Capt. F. visited, in the company of a few friends, one of the most frequented beer gardens in Brussels. While there, engaged in a game of cards, a quarrel arose between one of his friends and a young officer of the rifle corps. Capt. F. took the part of his friend. High words followed and insults. The upshot was that Capt. F. challenged the young officer to fight a duel with pistols. They met on the following day and Capt. F. killed his adversary by sending a bullet into his heart. This was on Friday morning. Capt F. now hurried home in order to prepare for escape to France. Last Sunday, after having settled all his affairs, he packed his valise and was about to leave, when a woman in black presented herself abruptly at the door. Her face was covered with a thick veil and she appeared greatly agitated, her body trembling all over. Captain F., highly surprised and somewhat troubled with a gloomy foreboding, asked her into the reception room. Scarcely had he pronounced the first word when the unknown lady threw back her veil in a sudden, convulsive manner, and showed him a face pale as death and eyes full of anger and tears. At the sight of that face the captain retreated a step and uttered a cry of horror and astonishment. In that woman in tears and dressed in black, with faded features and hair all grey, he recognized his victim of thirty years ago—the daughter of the Lille merchant.

"Wretch !" she exclaimed advancing upon him all pale and threatening; accursed being ! villain! murderer ! It was not enough to have dishonored a woman—to have basely abondoned her ! You had to kill her child—to assassinate your own son ! And such crimes should go unpunished ! The most monstrous of misdeeds should leave you in possession of the name of honest man ! No, miserable destroyer of so many innocent beings, you shall perish by the hands of your victim."

Scarcely had she spoken these words when she drew forth a revolver from under her cloak, fired twice, and blew the captain's brains out. She then fired a third and fatal shot at herself. Hearing the sound of three shots, the servants and neighbors came running in, very much frightened. A fearful sight presented itself to them—two bodies lying side by side on the floor and weltering in blood. The body of Captain F. gave no sign of life; that of his former victim was breathing yet, and by dint of exertions revived for a few hours only. She was taken to the nearest hospital, where she expired in the middle of the following night, after having told the facts we have related.—*L'Independance Belge, Nov. 20th.*

RESCUED FROM A LIFE OF SHAME.

In the town of Malden, Mass., there lived a respectable family of moderate means, by the name of Roland. It consisted of husband, wife, grown up daughter, and a little son. The daughter was intelligent, comely and fair to behold. Naturally she attracted the attention of the opposite sex in a great degree, and quite a rivalry for her good graces sprang up among the swains of her native village. But an outsider, a dashing young sprig from Boston, visited, saw and conquered. He possessed a glib tongue, sported stunning jewelry, and took the young girls by storm. The parents did not view the apparent admirer of their daughter with her partial eyes. In fact, they discouraged his attentions and did all in their power to break up the intimacy existing between them. But all to no avail. Finally the young girl suddenly disappeared, and the presence of the Boston sport was no longer noticed in the streets of Malden. The conclusion was irresistable. The pair had fled together. Were they married? What had been the fate of their daughter?—were the agonizing and puzzling questions that presented themselves to the minds of the parents. Months rolled by, and no tidings of the missing couple were heard. Nearly a year had passed when information reached the afflicted parents that their loved and mourned daughter was in San Francisco. Hither the mother hastened as fast as steam could convey her. Arrived here she discovered, after diligent search, that her daughter was an inmate of a *maison de joi* on Sacramento street. With a officer of the law she visited the den, and there found her child, who, with shedding tears, related her sad experience. The flashy Boston scoundrel had deceived and betrayed, and then deserted her in St. Louis. Ashamed to return home she had worked her way here by means anything but reputable and entered upon a life of shame. The daughter was anxious to escape from the den of infamy into which she had fallen. Against the protests of the "Madame" the mother took her child away, and on Wednesday of last week started with her for the old home in the east. The whereabouts of the man who seduced the too confiding maiden is unknown, but he is believed to be in the vicinity of Salt Lake city.—*California Chronicle, Dec. 20th.*

AN AMERICAN'S LOVE INTRIGUE IN LONDON—ITS RESULTS.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, Dec. 4th, the case of Dredge *vs.* Winans was brought to a close, being an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages were laid at £10,000. The plaintiff, Elizabeth Dredge, was in 1865 engaged as book-keeper and assistant at the establishment of Messrs. Truefitt, hairdressers and perfumers, in Bond street and Burlington Arcade, and became acquainted, as a customer, with the defendant, Clinton Winans, an American resident in this country, and one of a firm of brothers carrying on business in London, and proprietors of what are called the "cigar ships." He, it was said, visited Truefitt's almost daily, paid the plaintiff attention, and offered her marriage. She consented, but the union was put off from time to time, until as he said, his brother had settled an income upon him. In the meantime he pressed her to become his mistress, which she did. They lived together in fashionable style at first; and Mrs. Clinton Davidson, in Manchester street, Manchester Square, and in October, 1867, a child was born. The intimacy continued until some time before the 15th of September, 1869, when the defendant married a widow, a Mrs. Smith, who was represented to have an income of £6,000 a year. An allowance varying in amount from £20 to £35 a month was continued for some time and the intimacy with the plaintiff was renewed three months after defendant's marriage. Sergt. Parry, for the defendant, expressed his deep regret that the case had ever been brought into court, and admitted that the plaintiff had a moral claim, and her child every claim on his client. But for the unreasonable conduct of plaintiff in applying to his client's brother, forcing her way into the Langham Hotel, and demanding more money than had been agreed upon, the allowance of £30 a month would have been continued, and no necessity would have arisen for this public investigation. Mr. Sergt. Ballantine said, feeling the difficulty of resisting a verdict against him on the action for breach of promise, which was all he had to contend for, he had agreed on the part of the plaintiff to take £1,500. The Lord Chief Justice expressed an opinion that this compensation was very inadequate. A juror was then withdrawn and the plaintiff is to be paid £1,500 under a judge's order.—*London, Eng. Daily News.*

RAPE AND ROBBERY.—John Quin, a representative of the Emerald Isle, but recently a resident of South Lee, Mass., and employed on the new paper mill in the latter place, started out early on Dec. 8th, when he encountered a little girl of eleven summers, by name Horan, and on her way to school. Upon her he commenced an assault, but failed in consequence of the child's escaping from him and running away. A man at a distance observed the outrage in part, and was going to inflict summary punishment upon the wretch, who, however, escaped by shamming drunk. He then went to Lee, and finding a number of young girls at the depot, related to them to show him the way across the railroad bridge. All refused but one kind hearted little girl of seven years, named Pinney. On reaching the bridge she forced her down the bank, and there, in spite of her resistance and youth, succeeded in his distardly purpos.. In this case he was seen by a trackman, who, however, arrived too late too stop the outrage. After which he went again to South Lee, entered Edward Ab.ott's boarding house, went up stairs, and stole from the room of Edward Dutton, a fellow workman, $14 in money, a silver cham, a pair of gloves and a pair of boots. At Pittsfield he was arrested for being drunk, carried back to Lee for the robbery, and on Dec. 11th he was examined for the higher crime, bound over in the sum of $4,400 and remanded to Pittsfield, Mass. Both of the children were in court and testified.

A QUEER MATRIMONIAL muddle has just been settled in Herkimer county, in this state. A certain ex-sheriff of that county, who passed much of his time in Philadelphia, Pa., received information that his wife was unfaithful to him, and wrote her a sharp letter about it. Her reply was equally sharp, and stung him into bringing suit against her paramour for destroying the peace of his family. Before the suit was concluded the paramour took the woman to Indiana and procured a divorce for her, took her to Massachusetts, and married her, then took her home and commenced a suit against the sheriff for defamation of his wife's character; the suits have since been decided. The sheriff received a verdict of $2,000 for his wife; the other man a verdict of $4. for his wife's injured reputation.

A LIVELY YOUNG WOMAN applied to the city clerk in Worcester, Mass., on Dec. 9th, for her "divorce papers," saying that the minister who married her said she could get them there. She was told where to go, and that it would take several months to get them. "Then," said she, "I'll divorce myself without bothering the courts about it; I've bother enough with the man without that !"

AT A LATE WEDDING a calcium light was thrown on the bride as soon as she left the church, and was so managed as to flood the carriage with light, and thus exhibit the beauty and toilet of the blushing bride and groom to an admiring multitude.

JOHN WEBB, of New Hartford, Conn., aged 22, shot himself on Dec. 16th, because a young lady of Palmer Mass., to whom he was engaged, married another man. "There's many a slip," &c.

THE U. S. POSTMASTER GENERAL has decided that a married woman has a right to require that letters addressed to herself shall not be delivered to anyone else except on her order.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—A great violinist accepted an invitation from a vulgar notary at Brussels, and was kind enough to play during the evening to the guests. A month after, the notaress sent the musician another invitation, with this postscript:—"Above all, don't forget your instrument !" The musician sent back a violin and these lines:—"Madame—I regret that, personally, I cannot accept your invitation for the —th. I am sure you will the more readily forgive the apparent neglect, as I send my instrument."

How to raise Boats—Take hold of the tops and pull.

BASE BALL.

THE PLAYERS OF 1873.

Pitching and Pitchers.

Pitching in base ball has been brought down to more of a science than the originators of the game ever dreamed of. The duties of a first-class pitcher now require a far greater amount of skill than formerly appertained to the position, and especially has a marked improvement in the style of the delivery of the ball to the bat been noticeable within the past year. A feature of the past season has been the satisfactory manner in which the new rule, recognizing underhand throwing to the bat as a legitimate form of delivery, has worked for the good of the game. This style of pitching, or rather of delivering the ball, has practically been in vogue since the days of its originator, Creighton; but it was only in 1872 that the absurd rule prohibiting it was repealed. An effort was made last spring to retain the old clause against an underhand throw delivery, but the argument in support of it was so puerile, and the advantages of a repeal of the prohibitory clause so apparent to the general mass of the fraternity, that the effort fell to the ground. The whole question governing the method of delivering the ball to the bat in base ball lies in a nut shell. It should be borne in mind that no matter how swift a player can deliver the ball to the bat by this or that method, the speed must always be governed by the *ability of the batcher to stop and hold the ball.* If, therefore, a player is found who can either pitch or throw a ball to the bat with more than ordinary speed, no rule is required to prohibit the delivery which admits of it, as the speed itself is prohibitory in its effect, from the lack of any player able to stop or hold the ball from such a delivery. Therefore so long as the speed is only such as will admit of the ball being caught behind the bat, such delivery, whether by underhand throwing or jerking, should be regarded as legitimate.

But speed is no longer regarded as the point of excellence in a pitcher; on the contrary experience has conclusively shown that mere speed, without the accompanying essentials of a thorough command of the ball and judgment gin its delivery, is too costly a feature to be made available in winning matches, except against a party of the merest tyros in a practical knowledge of the game. The great essential of success in the position is *the ability to outwit the batsman.* If you can achieve this object by intimidating him by your speed, and thereby deceiving his sight, well and good; but this cannot be done against experienced and plucky batsmen. The scientific pitcher now a-days is he who, with the aid of a swift delivery and a thorough command of the ball, has also sound judgment to assist him. Such a one will send in one ball swiftly, another slowly, and in every legitimate way use his best endeavors to bother the sight and judgment of the batsman; in other words, he will try his best to send him in a ball he cannot hit. The habit of sending in swift "pacers," without any idea as to where the ball is going after it leaves the pitcher's hands, and with no other object in view save that of delivering it as swift as possible, is a style of delivery which now only marks the play of the poorest pitchers in the fraternity. Wild pitching is now properly punished by the rule governing the calling of balls, every ball illegitimately wide of the bat being an "unfair ball," and that must be called. To conclude our preface we have to state that the model pitcher of the period, as far as the delivery of the ball is concerned, is he who has a thorough command of the ball, the judgment to direct its delivery with effect, and the pluck, nerve and endurance to face hot balls and to stand being punished without "losing his head," or becoming demoralized.

Take him for all in all, we are disposed to class Spalding, of the Boston nine of 1872, as the most effective pitcher of the past season. He certainly had no superior in the skill and judgment used in his delivery, while he was as plucky as the best in facing hard hit balls, and very active and efficient in fielding in his position, while he also bore "punishment" without losing his equinimity. His delivery, too, was swift and accurate, and he endured well through a long game. What we specially commend him for was his gentlemanly deportment and quiet demeanor in all the varying and exciting phases of a game. Spalding was always on the *qui vive* to catch a batsman napping, and time and again have we seen him get a "strike" called on a batsman by the promptness of his return of the ball before the striker was prepared to meet it, a very good point to play, as batsmen have a habit of placing themselves in form for hitting, and, if the ball does not come to suit them, they at once get out of form, and then is the time for the pitcher to send in a fair ball, and if this is done quickly the batsman either fails to strike at it and has a "strike" called on him, or he hits it badly and is easily put out.

The most experienced pitcher now in the professional fraternity is Dick McBride. In common parlance, what Dick doesn't know about the tricks and dodges of strategic pitching isn't worth knowing. And yet Richard has something to learn before he can become the pitcher par *excellence* he aims to be. A quick temper clouds the judgment of all who submit to its rule, and especially is the fact observable in base ball playing. In this respect, if Dick only commanded his temper as well as he does the ball, he would be more effective when things go wrong in the field and he finds himself lacking the necessary support from his *confreres.* He has improved of late years in controlling his temper, and is only now and then that he gets "his mad up," but when he does the ball goes in wilder than usual, and he gets "punished" by the batsman easier than when he is thoroughly cool and collected. McBride labored under a great disadvantage last season in being loaded with the responsibility of the position of a director, something no player of a nine should be troubled with. The pitcher, too, should never be a captain of a nine, as he requires all his energies to properly discharge the duties of his field position, without being saddled with those of other positions. One point of McBride's skill is his knowledge of the batsmen of the country, no one having faced more hitters or learned the weak as well as strong points of the leading batsmen of the day to the extent McBride has.

The youngest pitcher in the professional fraternity is Cummings, of the Mutual nine of 1872, and he is one of the most effective, especially when he has a catcher familiar with his peculiar delivery, and active and expert enough to give him the necessary support. Without this aid, however, his pitching is more costly than profitable. Cummings imparts to the ball such a rotary motion as it leaves his hand, and gives it such a bias to the right or the left, that the catcher is obliged to be on the alert to watch the eccentric rebound in order to avoid passed balls. Now this giving of twist to the ball in the delivery is practically more disadvantageous than it is effective, and for this reason:—The bias being rotary to the right or left, it follows that it cannot effect the direction of the ball from the bat, except to bother the fielder by the eccentricity of its rebound. Were the motion imparted to the ball by the pitcher a forward rotary bias then it would increase the number of foul balls hit; but, as it is, the only effect is to make the rebound of the "twisted" ball exceedingly difficult for the catcher to judge accurately; and, if hit, a troublesome ball for the in-fielder to catch or hold. Hence the difficulty a catcher has to encounter in standing behind the bat to Cummings' pitching, and the number of balls which have rebounded in the in-field in an eccentric manner when hit from the "twisted ball" delivery. The best display of pitching we saw at Cummings' hands last season was in the match, Athletic *vs.* Mutual—score, 0 to 8. We never saw a pitcher outwit his opponents so thoroughly as he did the Athletic batsmen on that occasion. The Mutuals played to win that day if they ever did, and the result was the best display, at their hands, of the season. Cummings is plucky, pitches well, has a good temper, and is gentlemanly in deportment. His great fault has been a boyish fickleness of disposition. As a pitchist of the period, viz: a swift underhand thrower of skill and judgment, Cummings undoubtedly ranks A No. 1.

THE TURF.

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The first annual fall meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club, of New Orleans, closed on the 27th inst, but few persons being present. Summaries are given below:—

LOUISIANA JOCKEY CLUB FALL MEETING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—THURSDAY LAST DAY, Dec. 17th, 1872.—Consolation Purse, for horses that have run and not won during the meeting; horses beaten once allowed 7 lbs.; twice, 10 lbs.; three times, 15 lbs.; one mile; dash of 1 mile; purse, $500; distribution: that is to say, $350 to the first horse, $100 to the second, and $50 to the third.

S. M. Reynolds entered b c Nick Baker, 4 yrs old, by Zero, dam Ada Leonard.....1

R. B. Cheatham entered ch h John McDonald, 5 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Lady Clifton.....2

Rush Hobson entered ch g Willie Jenks.....3

E. Harrison entered gr g Tom Corbett, 5 yrs old, by Lightning, dam by imp. Knight of St. George.....4

A. Bonabel entered b g Pelham, 5 yrs old, by Doncaster, dam Sovereign.....5

F. Lloyd entered b c Regulator, 4 yrs old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Easter.....6

T. N. Weldon entered b m Flora McIvor, aged, by Lexington, dam Floride.....7

Time, 1:52¾.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for fillies, two year olds, $50 entrance, p. p., with $700 added; second to receive $350; third $50; one mile; closed with five nominations.

George Cadwalader's ch f Vandalia, by Vandal, dam Alert, by Lexington, 87 lbs.....1

C. T. Howard entered b f Sucrise, by Planet, dam Ulima, by Lexington, 87 lbs.....2

Time, 1:53¾.

SAME DAY.—Club Purse $600; mile heats; for all ages; $450 to the first, $150 to the second and $50 to the third horse.

T. Clark entered ch h Village Blacksmith, 6 yrs old, by Vandal, dam Scholers.....1 1

E. M. McGee entered b h Restless, 5 yrs old, by Voucher, dam Ringlet.....3 2

S. M. Reynolds entered b f Vanus, 3 yrs old, by Judge Leonard, dam Ellen Savis.....2 3

R. B. Cheatham entered b c Repeater, 4 yrs old, by Brown Dick, dam by Bulletin.....dis

E. Harrison entered gr g Tom Corbett, 5 yrs old, by Lightning, dam by imp. Knight of St. George.....dis

A. Bonabel entered b g Pelham, 5 yrs old, by Doncaster, dam Sovereign.....dis

J. W. Weldon entered b m Flora McIvor, aged, by Lexington, dam Floride.....dis

A. W. Sibell entered b h Pilgrim, 5 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Imp. Cairn Gorme.....dis

Rush Hobson entered ch g Willie Jenks.....dis

Time, 1:53¾; 1:51¾.

"WHAT is your consolation in life and death ?" asked a clergyman of a young miss in a Bible class that he was catechising. The young lady blushed and hesitated. "Will you not tell me ?" urged the clergyman. "I don't want to tell his name," said the ingenuous girl; "but I've no objection to telling you where he lives."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

R. L. CHAMBERLAYNE.—Will it promote your "peace of mind" to have us inform you that Mr. Reichhelm pointed out in his *Review* that Black's 11th move, in game No. XLV, Sunday and Bell-Mercy, should be K R to B 3, and the diagram arranged accordingly.

WM. A. SMITHMAN.—Your sol. of Prob. 834 is not precisely that of the author. Thanks for problems and attention to our wishes. No one has yet solved Enig. No. 834.

CHAS. HERMOD.—We regret having suppressed what will give you so much trouble. The selected package of slips is, we trust, in your hands before this notice.

C. W. D. S., Lowell, Mass.—There is no such term in chess as "the King in Check." If you mean to say:—Can the King be checked in the act of castling? we reply, he cannot castle at all, if he goes out of sh., into a sh., or by a sh., in so proposing to move. Send 10c. to Beadle's Dime Publishing House, N. Y. city, and get a *Dime Chess Instructor.*

A TREAT IS IN STORE for our readers during the coming season: for our countryman, the champion of Ohio, informs us that chess is to have a lively season in Cleveland (his residence); that several matches by telegraph are in contemplation, and that he will see that the best items and games are placed at our service.

SEVERAL NEW CLUBS, as we learn from the *Western Advertiser*, have recently been organized in various towns and cities of the Dominion, and an unusually stirring season in Canada chess has fairly opened.

HARTFORD VS. SPRINGFIELD.—This match has ended by a victory for Hartford, she winning (we may well say "she," for Mrs. J. W. Gilbert headed their committee) both games, and, consequently, the championship of New England: a title Springfield had won by defeating Boston. The query seems now to suggest itself—can Hartford beat Boston ?

Notes on Kling's Chess Euclid.—No. 8.

BY GEO. H. CARPENTER.

NUMBER XV.

WHITE.—King at home; Queen at K Kt 6; Bishop at K Kt 3; Knights at Q B 3 and K B 3; Pawns at Q B 3 and Q kt.

BLACK.—King at Q 4; Queen at her Kt 2; Rooks at Q Kt sq and Q B 2; Bishops at Q Kt 3 and Q t, and Pawn at Q B 5th.

White mates in two moves.

Here, again, each distinct variation may be represented by one or more moves permitting but one way of replying. The following are the variations thus represented:—Black 1...K to B 4, or B to Kt 2: 2...B to B 3, mate.—1...B × Q; 2...Kt × B, mate.—And 1...B to K B 2: 2...Q to K 5, mate. It is not impossible, however, to increase the beauty of the problem, by rendering every possible move of equal force. To secure this result necessitates the entire rehabilitation of the position. In the following attempt several new variations are introduced.

WHITE.—King at his R sq; Queen at her Kt 7; Rook at K Kt 4; Bishops at Q B 8 and K B 4; Kt's at Q B 3 and K B 4, and Pawn at Q Kt 4th.

BLACK.—King at his 4th; Queen at her R 4; Rook at Q Rsq; Bishops at K 3 and K 8; Knight at K B sq; Pawns at Q B 4, Q B 5, Q Kt 4, Q B 3, Q t 4, Q t 7 and K h 5th.

White mates in two moves, viz: 1...Q to K B 7.

NUMBER XVI.

WHITE.—King at Q sq; Rook at K B 8; Bishop at K Kt 7; Knight at Q Kt 7, and Pawn at Q B 6th.

BLACK.—King at his 6; Pawns at Q B 4 and K 8th.

White mates in two moves, by 1...R to K B 6.

Here we have one of the earliest imitations of the famous "Indian." The original, forwarded by "Shagird" from British India, appeared in the *C. P. Chronicle*, Vol. VI, 1868, as follows:—

WHITE.—King at Q R sq; Rook at Q sq; Bishops at K Kt 3 and K R 6; Pawns at Q Kt 2, K B 3 and K Kt 4th.

BLACK.—King at his 6; Knight at K B 6; Pawns at Q Kt 2 and K 4th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Avondale, Belle
Bowers, Mrs. D.P. (2)
Bland, Edith
Bertine, Lilla
Bozart, Mary
Buell, Mrs. E. C.
Cooke, Minnie
Correll, Mary
Cavendar, Emma
De Tang, Minnie
De Forest, Kitty
Dark, Alice
De Granville, Mlle.
Elmore, Annie
Eagan, Jennie
Goodall, Rose
Gray, Mary
Granville, Gertie
Heathcote, Kate
Haselton, Annie E.
Hall, Addie
Herring, Fannie
Hefron, Ella
Harrison, Alice
Jerome, Mrs. T. M.
Irma, Mlle.
Johnson, Nellie
Johnson, Mrs. S. Ger.
Lanier, Mad.
Lewis, Nellie
Lewis, Emma
La Reine, Maud
Lant, Zobelia
Lagard, Dickie
Land, Sophie
O'Connor, Eliza
Palmer, Laura
Phelps, Mrs. Lon
Reynolds, Belle
Russell, Millie
Rogers, Miss S.
Sheldon, Ella
Sefton, Maude (2)
Selwyn, Blanche
Smith, Bertie
St. Leon, Maud
Sappho
Troy, Camille (2)
Vurmer, Alana
Weston, Flora
Walby, Josephine
Worrell, Sophie
West, Eva R.
Whitney, Miss L.
Wood, Annie
Wilton, Lilly
Zoppetti, Zoe

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Abbott, Chas.
Ashton, J. F.
Abbott, Chas.
Agent (3)
Abbott, Tebb
Adams, Chas.
Butler, Bob
Blitz, Jerome
Black, F. S.
Berger Family
Barnard, William
Barbour, Geo. A.
Bachelor, Harris
Bell, Willie P.
Burton, Master C.
Byers, Wm.
Bailly, J. W.
Bruce, C. Amory
Benoit, O.
Bush, J. T.
Bartholomew, Mr.
Barnum, Henry
Butler, J.
Brevort, Vining
Beattie, R. W.
Blanchard, W.
Berryhill, H.
Blitz, Francois
Carner, J. W.
Castelotti (3)
Cotton, Jr., Ben.
Cook, James
Cullen, Andy
Chamberlain, H.
Cobak, Jerry
De Hanson, Prof. C.
De Hanson, Claude
Daly's Hibernicon
Dozier, John
De Vere, Mons.
Dupree, Chas.
Dupree, C. H.
De Motte, H.
Delehanty & Hengler
Ellis, Billy (3)
Edwards, Frank
Epenger, Carl
Eagan, Jennie
Ellis, Al. W.
Forrester, J. R.
Fosdick, Chas.
Forrester, N. C.
Flores, Fernando
Frost, Harry
Frankham, Geo.
Fuller, Chas.
Forepaugh, A. (2)
Farnsworth, E. J.
Fox, Chas.
Francis, J. Acton
Fielding, John and Maggie
Freeman, Jas. H.
Forepaugh, John
Gordillo, Sig.
Grimm, C.
Gilbert, M. B.
Gardner, Chas.
Gilbert, J. M.
Gorton, Joe
Gregory, Chas.
Gregory, W. H. 206.
Girard, Emile
Groves, J. Holmes
Gilbert, J. W.
Goodin, H. H.
Good, Charles
Gregory, Arthur M.
Hertzog, Dan
Hogan, Laney
Hart, Harry Frank
Hart, H.
Herbert, Horace
Hosmer, H.
Hurst, Hall
Howell, Robert W. S.
Henderson, A.
Hutchings, W. S.
Harley, Ned
Hanlin, C. T.
Healey, Cooney & Saddors
Harper, T. (2)
Holden, Ed.
Harris, Johnny
Hicks, Chas. H.
Henry, Frank
Homan, Geo. H.
Harrison, Charley
Hernandez, A. M.
Hyers, Joseph
Hasson, Billy Sr.
Hyers, J.
Kelly, Leon
Kurtz, Geo. W.
King Bros. Carnival
Kidder, Samuel
Kemp, Fred
Lent, L. B.
Lent, Jr., L. B. (2)
Leader & Emmet
Lind, Jenny
Linton, Guy
Lawrence, F.
Lampman, W. M.
Lord, Geo. H.
Lyon, H. R.
Lyon, Harry H.
Lafferty, Johnny
Montford, Frank
Mathis, Alfred
Montgomery, Harry
Muse, Harry
Maxwell, Geo.
Mahan, Ed.
Mountjoy, E. J.
Melton, J. W.
Morris, D. L.
Mortimer, Harry
McCarthy, Hy. (3)
Manager
Mills, F. F.
Marston, Harry
McAllaster, Billy
Marrett, S. J.
Merrill, Wm.
Morris, M.
Mack, F. J.
Mafit & Jeffrey
Mack
Murtz, John
Murray, J. H.
Newcomb, W. W.
Nickel, Robt.
Norton, J. S.
Orton, Miles
Owens, J. H.
O'Reardon, Prof. M.
Quiet, F. H.
Quilter & Goodrich
Roeder, Jack
Rowell, Robert
Roach, Jas.
Ricl, Alf.
Rankin, A. McKee &c.
Rabley, Sig.
Ross, John
Reeder, Johnnie
Rogers, C.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Roig, A.
Rice, E. H. (2)
Reynolds, Frank
Reade, Capt. Jake
Reddy, J. H.
Rutledge, Joe
Robinson, Yankee
Sales, Frank
Stanley, R.
Stanley, S.
Showles, J. J. (2)
Subera, Harry
Sells Brothers
Shapp, J.
Spalding, C. F.
Stewart, J. C.
Sherry, J.
Sheridan, J. H. W.
Silver, W. B.
Strakosch, Max
Stanton, Bobby
Sheppard, W.
Sanford, Harry
Seamon, G.
Sutton, Dan
Stone, Den
Sexton, Michael
Toomey, W.
Turner, W. C.
Tucker, Wm.
Tremain, Wm. B.
Tinham, Geo.
Turnour, Alf.
Vistorelli, John (2)
Vershay, Wm.
Vicinelli, H.
Worley, C.
Withers, Jos.
Wheeler, Harry
Weston, Harry
Wyman, Geo. H.
Wilson, James A.
Wood, Charlie
Wilson, Lewis (3) &c.
Williams, Jessie
Wilson, Wm.
Washburne, E. S.
Wallach, Jos.
Worrall, Prof. Hen'y
Washburn, Leon
Whitney, Abner K.
Young, C.

TO APPLICANTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS' POSITIONS.—While thanking the many gentlemen who have proffered their services as correspondents, we would respectfully inform them, and all who may hereafter propose to act in that capacity, that we do not require any additional correspondents, and trust that this notice may be considered as a reply to the numerous applications we have received.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Dec. 23, 1872.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" A little ahead of time, but nevertheless the wish is just as sincere, just as heartfelt, as though we were raking each and all of you by the hand on Christmas morning, and greeting you with the compliments of the season. What a jolly time it is! For days past our business thoroughfares have been crowded with people hunting up things for Christmas. Why you can scarcely get along Broadway, and Sixth avenue, and the Bowery, and Grand street, to-day; everybody has a package of some kind or other; those are the poorer classes—the better off folks have their purchases sent home for them. Christmas trees and turkeys look like they were growing wild in the streets of New York; and as we look upon the many trees and evergreens being toted along, it reminds us very much of Mr. Macbeth when he beheld Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane. And turkeys we dote on. We once knew a real clever sort of a feller, but he was always in some little difficulty or other, and yet the man really meant well; he was poor—dreadfully poor—and like nearly all poor men he had a wife and four or five children. But he always tried to have a good time at home on Christmas day. When the children "got up in the morning," they found that Santa Claus had not passed them by because they were poor; no; Santa Claus knew that one that sort, bless you, and these poor little children went for their stockings, which were well-stuffed with good things—cheap, it is true, but *they* didn't know no better; they imagined that no other children in all New York had been so well treated; and the poor parents were glad that the children were glad, and we—who were chums with the family—were glad the parents were glad that the children were glad. And George Washington, that was the man's name—had won a real pleasant-looking turkey at a raffle the night before, but it cost him about double its worth, because he didn't succeed at first, and so, as the dear old song says, he thought he would "try, try, try again," and that was how the turkey cost so much. Then there was a good soul—had invited us to spend the day at her house, seeing we had no family of our own, and only boarded; so she "drawed" the turkey; and filled it with bread and potatoes and sweet marjoram and things, and then, as she was going to be pretty busy, she sent the bird, all laid out nicely in a pan, to the baker's to be cooked, which would only cost three or four cents, which was cheap as dirt, you will admit. So George took the pan over before breakfast, so that Sarah—his wife's maiden front name—could clean up a bit—nobody saying turkey till two o'clock, so as to give us a "good chance to git hungry," as the biggest girl said. So at two we all assembled—there wasn't much on the table, George having exhausted himself on the poultry, you will understand. Then Sarah took four cents, and with them bought spirits and tonic, and took a shop for the savory dish, but we grieve to say that some evil-minded person had been ahead of her, asked for Mrs. Johnson's turkey, and paid four cents for the cooking, and that was the last we heard of *our* Christmas dinner. Now, if this was a novel we are writing, we could easily bring in some good shepherd with a basket full of turkeys and chickens, singing spirits and tonic, and that, just in the nick of time to provide our table with a comfortable spread, and dine us like nabobs; this is what the lying novel writer would do about it. But we are telling you facts, and such remarkable providences never occur in reality; and though it is extremely mortifying to us to be compelled to admit it, yet we assure you, on the word of a gentleman and scholar, that every member of George Johnson's family, including their guest—that's yourself—went hungry to bed that night. May be some of you will get in just such a fix on Wednesday. May be you haven't anything to *make* you merry—perhaps you have a prodigate daughter, an outlawed son, a dissipated father, a devil of a wife, or a cussed old screw of a mother-in-law. May be your funds are low, kinder short, like; perhaps——but hold hard, my hearty—let's look at the bright side, for every dark cloud, they say, has a silver lining. May our friends, as we surrounded with sunny clouds, but may prosperity and happiness combine to make the day a "merry Christmas" to one and all.....We are not done with Christmas yet; excuse us, invaluable reader, but Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes we like to talk about it. We are going to spend Christmas eve at a house where they hang up stockings; we are going to hang up at that house for one night only, by request, as the special Bill Towne would say. We want to see Santa Claus once more, to witness happy childhood that has profited by his bounty. We remember two or three Christmases ago—let's see, yes, three years ago it was—we were spending the night with another man's wife—and her husband; but we'll just put the little incident into rhyme, and then, perhaps, you'll enjoy it the more:—

LITTLE GEORGIE BROWN.

Fierce and cold blew the wind, with a wild, doleful moan;
Warm and bright blazed the fire upon the hearth stone;
'Twas a dear Christmas eve—Georgie Brown and his sire
Were conversing while he seated beside the warm fire.

Soon the old mantle clock struck the hour of eight,
When the sire arose, with a visage sedate,
And addressing himself to his offspring, he said:
"It is time, little Georgie, that you were in bed;

"For this evening the good Santa Claus will go forth—
All unheeding the blast that sweeps down from the north—
And his gay Christmas presents will carry around
To the joy of good children where'er they are found.

"He will not give the worth of a single pin's head
To the child that he finds not safe, sleeping in bed;
So away, dear boy, and at once go to rest,
Or good Santa Claus all his nice things will keep."

"Oh, yes," said smart Georgie, "but will you, 'fore I go,
Please to tell me one thing that I much wish to know?
Of this great Santa Claus I have heard something queer,
And the truth of the story from you I would hear.

"Is it true, pop, that Santa Claus brings all his toys
Down the chimney, as I have been told by the boys?"
"Yes, my boy," said the father, averting his face,
"That's the plan when he wants to get into a place."

"If he comes down our chimney," quoth little George Brown,
"I will be not long before he gets half the way down
With his toys, that so stained by the *soot* they will be
That they will not be suitable presents for me."

And then that cunning little boy was put in his little bed, just as if he had not made any such uncalled-for and unnecessary remark.....There is one thing we have just heard about the Rev. Brother Spurgeon that distresses us very much even in these happy holiday times. Spurge, you will bear in mind, is a sensational preacher, just as "Leo and Loton" is a sensational show, and some speculator, ever on the alert for novelties, freezes on to Spurgeon, and promises him a big salary to come over here and fair. May be the sum promised wasn't as lucrative as Spurge anticipated; may be the preacher is skeered of sea sickness; or may be—but, but, however, the latest intelligence from England is said. It discloses the lamentable fact that something has gone amiss with our dear brother, that he is not in the vein, and that he vows that "he will not come to America yet awhile after the date of judgment." So you will perceive that although we are disappointed, we are consoled by the fact that of the two evils we are to have the least first.....Another thing that ——— a good deal in the deplorable case of those gentlemen now in the Tombs awaiting their trial for murder and one thing or another. But for the law's delay, the refusal of judges to go on with these unfortunate cases, and the opposition manifested to them by prosecuting attorneys, these incarcerated persons would be at liberty to-day, and joining with their fellow citizens in a proper observance of a merry Christmas.....Considerable money can be earned now by composing "Replies to Froude," and presenting them to the notice of the public through the medium of the mimic stage or rostrum—rostrum, probably, is best. It is an entirely new feature, and takes well.....Messrs. Sothern and Florence got on a *Lee* shore last week, and sustained much damage in their (John) Bull warks before they were able to "get off." It appears that they essayed to have some fun with one Lee, husband of Miss Neilson, the actress. The two comics, who invented the fun, got up a sort of free lunch at the Gramercy House, which has heretofore enjoyed the repute of being a quiet, respectable family and otherwise hotel. You may doubtless remember, if you haven't forgotten it, some years ago a man named Arrowsmith wrote to the *London Times* an account of what he observed on a Southern railroad WHILE married that lot of twelve men from whatever-mississippi in the ladies' cars, that several duels were fought in the smoking car, that the outgoing conductor stopped the train long enough to give the survivors time to bury the dead, and much other essential matter of the same kind. And this was the *London Times didn't* "drop to," as we say in the classics, but published to the world as gospel truth. Well, our two coffee, presuming that, in view of recent Lee, was equally ignorant of the manners and customs of American "society," invited him to this lunch, as you will understand, and among the other invited guests were nigger minstrels, variety hall actors, free and easy sports, and one or two men who write for a living, it is probable. It appears that when the table was set, and the guests were set, and the chowder set on, sundry of the bloodthirsty highbinders around the festive board drew their weapons, "cut'sashes," scythes, horse pistols, razors and other implements of carnage, and placed them on the eating table, beside the covers for swine, just as though it were an ordinary thing; and when the chowder was growing less under the angry dispute of those furious men, and the fumes of the liquor which kills at forty yards were distracting the minds of those noble heads, something or other called somebody a liar, a villain and a treacherous wretch! This, with the hostile display of murderous arms, naturally created an unsatisfactory kind of feeling in the breasts of the boys, and they sloshed around with their scythes and "cutlashes," and pistols, to the evident delight of the unsoothable miscreants, and the manifest discomfiture of the clam chowder pot remaining in the dowing bowl. Now all this, we wish you to understand, was done to "skeer" Mr. Lee, and imbue him with a proper knowledge of the "customs of the country." The fracas was the cause of much noise in this hitherto domestic and reticent Gramercy House, and the inmates, we are told, were sore distressed at what "might have been." The guest of the evening, it appears, didn't "skeer" as easily as had been anticipated, but left the scene of slaughter like a man who suddenly finds himself in a hard crowd, and wants to go home. And thereupon all became "peaceful and calm as a maiden's sulcep"—we think that's the quotation; we'll let it go at that, anyhow. A day or two after, the two comics who "put up the job" were summoned to appear at the Tombs prison, to answer a certain charge supposed to have been preferred against them; and there those two comics remained for several hours, half famished and frozen, and open to the rude gaze and rude remarks and gibes of other criminals and offenders against the majesty of the law, while brother Lee, at whose expense they were "having some fun," was quietly enjoying himself alongside of a nice warm stove and a good dinner. Out of respect for the parents of the other conspirators and associates, we refrain from giving names, and, therefore, they may consider "Leo and Loton" English, but it will probably be accepted as truth, especially as some of the unreliable dailies have gone into this hoax most extravagantly. The truth is, there was a capital dinner, a burlesque embroglio, and a good deal of fun. But all the rest is a made up thing, just done to make you merry during the holidays.—Ed.).....And here's another subject from the same source which Mr. Barnum should look after. A Wisconsin man, in the full possession of all his mental faculties, advertises for sale—"a cow that gives milk five years old." The cream of the joke is, "five years old." Wonderful things are going on all over the country.....Here's a funny thing:—If man makes the pickle go, who makes the man go? Comical, isn't it?.....We took "Our Jim" to Niblo's, the night after the, it was as cold as blazes. Forming to the scantily clad dancers, we observed:—"James, how terribly cold it must be for those girls—you look and over it." "Yes, it isn't the first time I've felt for them," and then he went out, and drowned his grief with "Tom and Jerry."....One of the recently imported English lecturers was robbed of fifty sovereigns a few days ago. They were too many sovereigns to bring to a republican country.....A Bonfire opera is to be produced at the Olympic this evening. It is called "Les cent Vierges" ("The One Hundred Virgins.") And yet Boston and other envious cities would deny us the possession of *any*. And when they come to hear about the new "moral society" play Mr. Daly brings out to-night at his Fifth Avenue Theatre, they will call that nothing but "False Shame," too. It's no wonder Boston's so afflicted.

City Summary.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA adapted and arranged by James Barnes, entitled "Babes in the Wood," has been performed at the Bowery Theatre during the evening performances and Saturday *matinee* of the past week. It is simply a rehash of old English burlesques, and the work has not been well done. The jokes are pointless, the wit stale, and the dialogue at times vulgar and course. Slang phrases and witticisms which are only understood by professional persons are freely introduced, but fall flat with the public. The chief characters were gaily costumed, and the actors endeavored to do the best they could with the parts assigned them, but it was up-hill work. During the evening, in the course of the representation, Jacob Showles performed upon the aerial rings in a graceful and artistic manner, eliciting much applause and a recall. Delehanty and Hengler performed their specialties, as did Sheridan and Mack during a portion of the week, the indisposition attendant upon a severe cold preventing Mr. Mack from appearing at every performance. The trick mules, "Pete" and "Barney," went through their performances under the direction of Mr. Showles. There was no allusion made to any of the introduced specialties in the dialogue, they being literally dragged in—a tacit confession of the weakness of the burlesque. It attracted but a meagre attendance. At the usual *matinees* Mr. W. S. Gilbert's beautiful fairy comedy, "The Palace of Truth," was performed, and Delehanty and Hengler, Sheridan and Mack, also Mr. Showles and his trick mules, were introduced therein, and were as much out of place as if they had been dragged into the screen scene of "The School for Scandal."

MISS NEILSON is to fulfil another star engagement at Booth's Theatre, commencing in May, 1873.

LITTLE CHRISTINE, the child prodigy, and little Patti Rosa, vocalist and clog dancer, were the fresh appearances at the Theatre Comique since our last report, and the business has continued good. Mlle. Cerito, who has a pleasing countenance and a well moulded form, is a good dancer. During the time that she occupies the stage she makes four complete and almost instantaneous changes of costume, while the character of her dancing varies with each change. Her costumes, with the exception of the head gear, are so arranged that they are put on one over the other, and removed by loosening a single cord, being what is known in stage parlance as "trick dresses." A small screen is placed on the left hand side of the stage, which serves to conceal the discarded dresses, and the cars arranged by the head dresser. Her costumes were correct, and many of them rich and elegant, and all of the female type from the waist down. As she came upon the stage she was clad in a neat costume of a red material, and after a brief dance she reversed her position, when we discovered that, by means of a mask, etc., the back portion of her person was credited for the part up to represent an old sailor. She then represented in rapid succession a Chinese girl, an apple girl, a fish woman, a fop, an Irish peasant, a Spanish girl, a Polichinelle, another type of Spanish girl with a tamborine dance, a sailor displaying in rapid succession the American, English, Irish and German flags, a Scotch girl and Cupid. Her performances gave much satisfaction and elicited rapturous applause. Little Patti Rosa, a young lady of about twelve or thirteen summers, sang a number of songs, which were favorably received. Her voice as yet is not fully developed, but bids fair to become a contralto of no little power. She afterwards performed a clog dance, which was marked by excellence of time, and difficulty and rapidity of execution. She made an excellent impression and cheerfully responded to a demand for its repetition. Both of these ladies made their metropolitan debut on Dec. 16th. James W. McKee continued his excellent character songs, which have made him a great favorite with the audience. A new sensational dramatic sketch, in some six scenes, by John F. Poole, opened the performances. The members of the regular company, in their specialties, filled out the programme, which concluded with "Africa," one of the best dramatic sketches that we have yet seen at a variety theatre. This evening, Dec. 23d, a Christmas pantomime, with a grand opening, entitled "Ding, Dong, Bell! 'Posy's in the Well," will be produced, with new scenery, tricks and transformations, and George H. Adams, an English trick clown, has been expressly engaged to perform therein, also Frank Donelson, who will appear as pantaloon, and Prof. Bushnell slack wire juggler and top spinner.

J. B. SCHOLEY is to commence a star engagement at the Bowery Theatre on Monday evening, Jan. 13th, when the spectacular drama entitled "The Twelve Temptations" is to be produced there for the first time. Entirely new scenery has been painted for it, and the gorgeous costumes, properties, banners, etc., which were used at the Grand Opera House on its original production will be among the features of the revival. This spectacular drama entitled "The Cataract of the Ganges," is shortly to be produced.

THE PANORAMA OF PARIS under the days of the Commune, painted by Matt. Morgan, and exhibited in the spectacle of "Leo and Lotos" at Niblo's Garden, is nightly received with lavish applause. It is one of the finest specimens of distemper painting ever seen in this city. As the last picture passes from view the tableau *steant* of the burning of the Hotel de Ville, which is revealed, is a master work of art. Candidly speaking, that portion of the entertainment is well worth the price charged for admission. The attendance has continued large, and the success of the spectacle now seems well assured.

"ROUND THE CLOCK," notwithstanding its incongruities and absurdities, continues to attract fair sized audiences at the Grand Opera House. Some changes are to be made in "The Folly" during the holidays.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS are doing a fair average business at their up town hall in Twenty-eighth street. The fresh selections upon the programme were "Only a Withered Rose," sung by C. S. Fredericks; "Little Daisy," charmingly rendered by D. S. Wambold; "Old Grimes' Cellar Door," by Billy Birch, and the anvil chorus for the *finale* of the first part. In the olio "The Happy Family," by Backus, Birch, Gibbons and Norris, was well received, and "Military on the Brain" and "Jefferson Market Police Court" were revived.

TWO OLD COMEDIES, which, as a whole, were fairly acted, filled the week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, attracting a good average attendance. On Monday, Thursday and Friday evenings "Married Life," and on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, as well as the *matinee* on the latter day, "A Bold Stroke for a Husband" was performed. In the latter Miss Rose St. Clair made her first appearance at that theatre, acting the small part of Donna Laura quite acceptably. This evening, Dec. 23d, a new comedy in three acts, by Frank Marshall, of London, Eng., entitled "New Year's Eve; or, False Shame," is to receive its initial representation in America.

F. S. CHANFRAU arrived during the past week, direct from New Orleans, La. After fulfilling two or three engagements in neighboring cities, he will act during a brief period at Wood's Museum.

FRANK KEMP'S BENEFIT at the Theatre Comique on the afternoon of Dec. 16th, proved highly successful, his friends and comrades rallying in full force. The sale of tickets outside of the theatre was large, and Mr. Kemp netted some $1,500.

MISS HELEN TEMPLE made her appearance on the 9th inst. at Boo hm Theatre, as Bonny-eyed, in a drama written by John Brougham, entitled "The Lily of France," which attracted but meagre audiences.

Prior to its production the "foolish notion" had gained the public, in substance, that the drama was the great work of the author, and that he had declined to permit it to be performed until an actress should be discovered capable of properly interpreting the chief character. It was claimed that he had heard that Helen Temple could play the character, and had given his consent that she should act it, thus practically endorsing her to the public as an actress of ability. Mr. Brougham has taken a novel idea of the character of Jane Dare, and makes her the victim of the machinations of a lady lawyer. In the closing scene after she is cleared to the satisfaction of all, she dies of a broken heart, ere the fire is lighted. Although the drama was announced to have been written in five acts, it was performed in six. It was splendidly mounted, both as regards scenery and costumes. Although many attempts have been made to successfully present in a dramatic form the chief incidents in the life of the peasant heroine, none have proved satisfactory, and as a consequence, with the exception that the above named drama belongs to that class, Maid Temple is evidently a novice, and what limited experience she has had has evidently not been gained in a good school. The movements are awkward, her gestures ungainly, and her elocution faulty. She commenced all her impassioned speeches in a low key, and rose by a regular interval until she was apparently exhausted, and this was so frequently repeated during the evening that it became monotonous. The majority of the other characters in the drama were mere sketches, affording little opportunity for acting. J. W. Wallace lacked the vigor which should have characterized Talbot, the lawyer. Mr. Arthur Rankin, of the Boston Museum, deserves credit for his impersonation of Pierre Durand. D. W. Waller was correct as Father Arnaldus. George Becks as Colonel de la Roche is a correct fusty, crudilasty, and the audience became highly amused when he was thrown by Jane Dare into the water, and compelled him throughout the drama. It was well trained, and set erect upon its haunches during the delivery of many speeches. Toward the close of the play, in a front scene, Mr. Becks had occasion to deliver a long speech to Jane Dare (faithful dog), and during its recital the canine apparently listened very attentively for a time, and then turned its head to the audience, and gave a decided yawn, as if to say it was a variety of theatre. This evening, Dec. 23d, a Christmas pantomime, with a grand opening, entitled "Ding, Dong, Bell! 'Posy's in the Well," will be produced, with new scenery, tricks and transformations, and George H. Adams, an English trick clown, has been expressly engaged to perform therein, also Frank Donelson, who will appear as pantaloon, and Prof. Bushnell slack wire juggler and top spinner.

MISS NEILSON is to fulfil another star engagement at the Athenæum since Robert W. Butler assumed the management on Dec. 16th. Among the salient features of the programme we may mention Dan. D. Nash, who sang character songs with rapid changes of costume, which were favorably received; George Leopold and his pupil Ella, in which of some fourteen years of age, who performed the "Lulu Sensation," which was neatly accomplished, and after the ascent some excellent gymnastic feats, which were lavishly applauded. "The Hungarian *Ballet*" introduced the Misses Viro Farrand, Julia Sandford, Polly Barrett, Emily Herbert and Emily Smith. Their movements and poses were graceful and easy. Carlos Clarke and the Misses Kemp, Mlle. Cerito, Mlle. Tito Celitni and others, performed the trick pantomime entitled "The Three Hunchbacks," which gave much satisfaction. Other sketches and acts introduced J. H. Mulligan, Joe Lang, George H. Coes, Luke Schoolcraft, E. W. Prescott and Miss Belle Wallace. To-night, Dec. 23d, James Taylor, London comique; Miss Alexandra, serio comic; J. C. Campbell, Ethiopian comedian, and Dido Ralph, song and dance, are to be added to the company.

MADS. KITTY HENDERSON, George F. Moore, also McKee and Rogers, were the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's since our last report. Miss Henderson performed a clog dance, and later in the evening, with George F. Moore, appeared in a musical act entitled "The Two Deitchers," both of which elicited much applause. McKee and Rogers performed their specialty, entitled "Nothing to do," which were the feats of Darville, Mlle. Angela and their infant athletes, also the excellent riding of James Melville and his sons. The semi-equestrian pantomime of "Blue Beard" is to be produced this evening, Dec. 23d, and continued during the holidays.

J. J. BARTLETT, who, in company with Mr. Dion, managed for many years the Prince of Wales Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, recently arrived in town. He brings with him three dramas, entitled "Hazard," "Magdalen" and "Sun and Shadow," written by Walter H. Cooper, of Melbourne.

P. T. BARNUM AND W. C. COUP have gone to New Orleans, La., to look after the interests of Barnum's Southern Museum, Circus and Menagerie.

MLLE. JENNIE WATSON AND MR. BOWRON have gone south to join the Robinson Circus.

THE EQUESTRIAN BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, at their last meeting, after the transaction of business, held a social session after the manner of the B. P. O. of Elks. Singing, story telling and "judge and jury trials" were the order of the evening.

DEAR FRIENDS, if you would like to see a theatre boil over, go to some of our places of amusement on Christmas night. If you want a sea, "go early."

A FRESH VITALITY seems to have been imparted to the Athenæum since Robert W. Butler assumed the management on Dec. 16th. Among the salient features of the programme we may mention Dan. D. Nash, who sang character songs with rapid changes of costume, which were favorably received; George Leopold and his pupil Ella, in which of some fourteen years of age, who performed the "Lulu Sensation," which was neatly accomplished, and after the ascent some excellent gymnastic feats, which were lavishly applauded. "The Hungarian *Ballet*" introduced the Misses Viro Farrand, Julia Sandford, Polly Barrett, Emily Herbert and Emily Smith. Their movements and poses were graceful and easy. Carlos Clarke and the Misses Kemp, Mlle. Cerito, Mlle. Tito Celitni and others, performed the trick pantomime entitled "The Three Hunchbacks," which gave much satisfaction. Other sketches and acts introduced J. H. Mulligan, Joe Lang, George H. Coes, Luke Schoolcraft, E. W. Prescott and Miss Belle Wallace. To-night, Dec. 23d, James Taylor, London comique; Miss Alexandra, serio comic; J. C. Campbell, Ethiopian comedian, and Dido Ralph, song and dance, are to be added to the company.

"ROUND THE CLOCK," notwithstanding its incongruities and absurdities, continues to attract fair sized audiences at the Grand Opera House. Some changes are to be made in "The Folly" during the holidays.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS are doing a fair average business at their up town hall in Twenty-eighth street. The fresh selections upon the programme were "Only a Withered Rose," sung by C. S. Fredericks; "Little Daisy," charmingly rendered by D. S. Wambold; "Old Grimes' Cellar Door," by Billy Birch, and the anvil chorus for the *finale* of the first part. In the olio "The Happy Family," by Backus, Birch, Gibbons and Norris, was well received, and "Military on the Brain" and "Jefferson Market Police Court" were revived.

TWO OLD COMEDIES, which, as a whole, were fairly acted, filled the week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, attracting a good average attendance. On Monday, Thursday and Friday evenings "Married Life," and on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, as well as the *matinee* on the latter day, "A Bold Stroke for a Husband" was performed. In the latter Miss Rose St. Clair made her first appearance at that theatre, acting the small part of Donna Laura quite acceptably. This evening, Dec. 23d, a new comedy in three acts, by Frank Marshall, of London, Eng., entitled "New Year's Eve; or, False Shame," is to receive its initial representation in America.

F. S. CHANFRAU arrived during the past week, direct from New Orleans, La. After fulfilling two or three engagements in neighboring cities, he will act during a brief period at Wood's Museum.

FRANK KEMP'S BENEFIT at the Theatre Comique on the afternoon of Dec. 16th, proved highly successful, his friends and comrades rallying in full force. The sale of tickets outside of the theatre was large, and Mr. Kemp netted some $1,500.

RICHARDSON SHOOT is doing right well with his theatrical speculation, because it's managed "on the square." Distant readers will please understand that the theatre is located on Union Square. Some see it is pointed out to be compelled to point out these little jokes.

"DID YOU EVER take your wife to Coney Island?" Well, it's no matter now, but don't fail to take her somewhere on Christmas. You have a choice of a score of places, and good entertainments are given at all. Let us have a "merry Christmas."

MR. J. K. EMMET, "Our Fritz," has made a decided hit in London, the papers all being enthusiastic in his praise, even "The Thunderer" coming out in his favor in a long notice, which may be found in our dramatic summary. It was only a few years ago that the young American gave up the minstrel boards for the legitimate stage.

THERE WILL BE AFTERNOON performances at many of the theatres and halls on Christmas, thus affording families and others an opportunity to enjoy the entertainments offered, and get home in time for an early tea, if they need any after gormandizing as they are very likely to do at dinner on that day.

A SPECTACULAR PIECE ENTITLED VIRGINIA to succeed the Aimée opera bouffe troupe at the Olympic Theatre is now in the course of active preparation, under the personal supervision of Mr. Alexander Henderson, whose previous experience in such matters gives assurance that we have a treat in store. The scenery will be from the pencil of Mr. Hayes, one of our best artists, and the costumes will, it is thought, fully equal, if not surpass, in magnificence, anything which has yet graced the stage in this city. The principal attractions already engaged are Charles A. MacManus, the Misses Pauline Markham, Lisa Weber, Jennie Satterlee, Grace Rawlinson, Grainger, Holcomb, Messrs. Kelly & Leon, T. B. Allen, etc.

AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE "London Assurance" will be played on Tuesday evening and at the Christmas *matinee*. "School" is to be played on Wednesday and Thursday, "Money" on Friday and Saturday and at the Saturday *matinee*. "Agnes" reached its one hundredth performance and was withdrawn on Dec. 21st.

A HUGE ELEPHANT, named "Pepita," arrived in the city during the past week from Rotterdam for George F. Bailey. It is at present located at Barnum's Circus.

COL. J. A. BROWN, dramatic agent, No. 9 West Fourth street, states, in answer to the calls on him, that he is prepared to furnish circus, concert and side show talent for the approaching tenting season, and the following artists can be engaged through him:—Minnie Foster, for star engagements, with her drama "Mattie Madcap"; Jas. W. McKee, character vocalist; James Campbell, "Punch and Judy" performer; Rowland Brothers, trapeze performers; J. H. O'Neil, with his drama "Eph," reconstructed; Chas. B. Gates, agent; and A. Sayer, advance agent; also, Ned Buntline's troupe of scouts and Indians.

THE MANAGERS IN THIS CITY contemplate holding a meeting to consider the expediency of abolishing the use of bill boards.

Dramatic.

THE REMAINS OF EDWIN FORREST, the great tragedian, were consigned to their last resting place on Monday, the 16th inst. Long before the hour of noon numbers of men and women congregated in front of the residence of the deceased, situate at the corner of Broad and Master streets, Philadelphia. It was intended that the funeral should be private, but this was found impossible, and the doors were thrown open and nearly two thousand persons availed themselves of the permission to gaze upon the features of the departed. The body was dressed in a full suit of plain black, and the hands were folded upon the pulseless breast. The coffin was covered with black cloth, silver mounted, and the lid bore the simple, modest inscription:—

EDWIN FORREST,
Born March 9th, 1806. Died December 12th, 1872.

The casket was literally covered with floral offerings, including a magnificent wreath and cross from Madame Ponisi, and a handsome cross from Miss Jane Coombs. The funeral services were read by the Rev. Joseph D. Newlin, rector of the Church of the Incarnation. At the conclusion of the religious services in the house the body was borne to the hearse, the following gentlemen acting as pall bearers:—Col. John W. Forney, Mr. James Oakes, of Boston; Mr. James Lawson, of New York city; Mr. Daniel Dougherty, Dr. Jesse R. Burden, Dr. Samuel D. Gross, Mr. George W. Childs and Mr. James Page. The funeral cortege, consisting of about sixty carriages in all, moved off in the following order:—Hearse, pall bearers, domestics employed by the deceased, intimate friends, a delegation from the Lotus Club, of New York city, members of the dramatic profession and citizens generally invited. The funeral procession moved direct to St. Paul's Church, Third street below Walnut, where the body was interred in the vault which held the remains of the mother and two sisters of Mr. Forrest.

JAMES T. WARD'S COMBINATION performed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Reading, Pa., on Dec. 21st, with Nellie Center as Eva; P. A. Fitzgerald, Uncle Tom; Emma Skerrett, Eliza, and Miss Foster, Topsy.

MR. AND MRS. E. L. DAVENPORT, John S. McDonough, Miss Sally Finlay Davenport and others performed "Othello" at Mishler's Academy of Music, Reading, Pa., on Dec. 17th.

WILLIAM H. BEST, the leading man at the Opera House, Milwaukee, Wis., was presented, on Dec. 15th, by his wife, with a daughter.

MISS ANNIE FIRMIN and Mr. John Jack opened on Dec. 16th, at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., to a large audience, in Bingham's drama of "Fon of Erin." They have been favored with nothing so really fine and meritorious since the production of "Divorce," a year since," wrote our correspondent on Dec. 21st, adding that:—"The play possesses high dramatic merit, the dialogue being extremely interesting, and at times thrilling, the tableaux effective, and the cast judiciously distributed. Its production was a genuine treat. Mr. Jack's efforts are not assumable of much praise or criticism. His powerful voice, his commanding stage presence, each word, every facial expression—all combined the finished actor and effective delineator of character. His portrayal of the whilom unhappy father elicited enthusiastic applause. Miss Firmin's fine talents were not required until the two closing acts, when they shone most brilliantly. Her pleasing face, harmonious voice and elegant costumes invested the *role* of Mrs. Hester Deerham with absorbing interest. Miss Campion, as Minnie Garth, also dressed magnificently, and read her lines fluently. Her conception of the part was happy, giving true womanly dignity and emotion. Mr. Rogers, as Manio Baretti, gave an excellent bit of character acting. Mr. Goodrich's Antonio Baretti was depicted in a quiet yet forcible manner, his tender scenes and deep sense of honor drawing forth commendation. Mr. Haviland's brief part of Gregory Deerham was portrayed in that gentleman's uniform happy style. Mrs. Berry's Mere Charamante gave a natural picture of the French hostess. 'John Garth' held the boards the first three evenings of the week, and at the

...ing of those plays that shows a commendable level of merit and ...ability. The following extracts from the press notices will ...sufficiently to the general ear. Miss Helen Tracy was the ...ipal attraction. * * *

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For THEATRICALS, or other advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
For MISCELLANEOUS AND BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.
For NOTICES to be inserted in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
CASH TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
A LIBERAL DISCOUNT from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.
ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned.
FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE GIRARDS,
IN THEIR NEW SPECIALTY, ENTITLED
CAPERONICON,
conclude their successful engagement of six weeks with G. L. Fox's Humpty Dumpty Combination in New Orleans, Dec. 30th. Managers desiring to engage these artists, either for long or short engagements, will please address RUSSELLE GIRARD, St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, care G. L. Fox's Combination.
OPINIONS OF NEW YORK AND BOSTON PRESS.
[New York Dispatch, Sunday, Nov. 3d.]
BOWERY THEATRE.—The Girards appeared during the week and are to continue the performance this week of their feats in an act which they entitle Caperonicon. They are very clever and rival the Maillitons and Vokes in their agility, dexterity and recklessness.
[The New York Clipper, Nov. 9th.]
BOWERY THEATRE.—In the Variety scene, third act of the drama, the Girards appeared in their new and original act, which met with favor.
[Boston Daily Globe, Aug. 20th.]
BOSTON THEATRE.—This establishment opened last night with a crowded house to witness the first appearance of Miss Lina Weber and her burlesque troupe. The hit of the evening must be credited to Mr. Russelle Girard, who, in his comique dancing, jumped at once into public favor.
[Boston Journal, Aug. 27th.]
SECOND WEEK OF THE BURLESQUE.
Another fine audience greeted Miss Weber and her burlesque troupe last evening. Mr. Russelle Girard again appeared in his very successful comique dances. 30-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
to travel, a
FIRST VIOLINIST, ALSO END MAN,
either Bones or Tamborine, who must be able to execute Song and Dance, &c. Address, stating lowest terms,
SCRIBNER & GREEN'S MINSTRELS,
30-1t* Berlin Falls, Coos County, N. H.

TRIMBLE OPERA HOUSE,
ALBANY, N. Y.
Lessee.....MR. A. RICHARDSON
WILL OPEN
FOR THE BALANCE OF THE SEASON
ON MONDAY, DEC. 30th.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF DEPENDIBILITY
WILL PLEASE WRITE.
STARS AND COMBINATIONS
OF ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY
(none others need apply) will be treated with ON MORE LIBERAL TERMS than by any other management on the continent.
All communications must be addressed to
GEORGE CLAIR, Stage Manager.
30-3t*

ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL,
NO. 3 MARKET SPACE,
BALTIMORE, MD.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
FEMALE TALENT
WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
FRANK GAYTON, Stage Manager.
30-1t*

LYCEUM,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
This popular and well stocked Theatre, having been recently supplied with superior heating apparatus, can now be engaged by the night, week or month, for respectable entertainments of all kinds.
Combinations played on shares, or for certainty.
Address J. W. LANERGAN,
30-3t Proprietor.

J. W. MAYWOOD, AGENT,
can be engaged with any first class party as Agent or Assistant. Address care of Clipper office. 30-1t*

WALTER H. BROWN, WHO
has had some experience, wants an engagement with a MINSTREL TROUPE AS PROPERTY MAN, so as to learn the business. Salary immaterial. Address Auburn, N. Y. 30-2t*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
WATERLOO, N. Y.
BLACK & GRIDLEY.....Proprietors
Seats 1,000 people. Gas, scenery, &c.; stage, 20x30. Rates reasonable. First class accommodation for large troupes at the new and elegant hotel (TOWSLEY HOUSE). 30-13t*

JACOB HORNUNG WANTS AN
engagement to travel with a good minstrel or theatrical co., as musician. He can play E flat, or Solo Alto, First or Second Violin. Would like to engage for the whole year of '73. Address care of PETER RICHTER, Columbus, O. 38-4t*

MESSRS. FOX AND WARD
now in their third season with
DUPREE AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS,
announce the following specialties for the coming year:—
"She Loves Us Both So Well," by Eddie Fox. "Fairest of the Fair," by Mrs. Lew Benedict; and the following Sensation Songs and Dances, written for them by Frank Dumont:—"Schemerhorn's Song," "The Balm of a Thousand Flowers," "Among the Sugar Canes," "The Mississippi Twins," "Quit Your Fooling," and the character sketch of "Avoir-du-pois." "The Silver State Gladiators." "Double Jig," "Rebecca Jane," "When the Soldier Boys Parade."
Address letters care
38-2t DUPREE AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS.

CIRCUS WAGONS
AND HARNESS FOR SALE.
A number of Wagons and Four Horse Sett of Harness for sale at Newark, N. J. Inquire of said property to GREEN BROTHERS, No 118 and 120 R. R. ave., Newark, N. J. 38-3t*

AN ORCHESTRA DRUMMER,
who understands his business thoroughly, wants a situation in a first class theatre, or with an opera company. Address
30-2t THOMAS MITCHELL, Cleveland, Ohio.

MR. GEORGE CLAIR.
Address the above.
TRIMBLE'S OPERA HOUSE, ALBANY, N. Y.
The letters care of Clipper have miscarried. Please write again as above.
HILLE. MORLACCHI, I am anxious to hear from you. 38-3t

ODEON VARIETIES,
No. 1 South Frederick street, Baltimore, Md.
JOSEPH RAIBER.....SOLE PROPRIETOR
GEO. R. HALL.....STAGE MANAGER
Open during the whole year. Entertainments first-class. Artists of ability and stars with specialties wishing two, four, six weeks, or extended engagements, address as above, or JAS. W. COMINS, Sole Agent. Send stamps to insure an answer. [38-4t*

NELSON HALL, CICERO,
IND. One of the best little Halls in the state. Stage, Drop Curtain, Footlights, Dressing Rooms, &c. Seats 600. Rent low.
38-3t* CHAS. R. NELSON, Proprietor.

TO GYMNASTS.
C. H. HAWKINS, 118 East Thirteenth street, N. Y., maker of Gymnastic Apparatus. Gymnasiums fitted up, &c., &c. 38-13t*

CERITO,
The only acknowledged Transformation Danseuse in the world, the most charming and elegant performance on the American stage. Beware of Frauds. MISS PATTY ROSA, London Serio-Comic and Champion Clog Dancer, the great European Star Artist. N. B.—Costly Parisian Wardrobe. 31-13t

WESTERN MANAGERS
AND HALL OWNERS, who desire to present a high toned and ably managed attraction to the community where they reside, may stand a chance to get one of Olive Logan's disengaged nights for her brilliant new lecture on "Successful People," by addressing BUSINESS MANAGER, 55 West Ninth st., New York. [38-1t

TWEDDLE HALL, ALBANY,
N. Y.—This popular place of resort has been splendidly fitted up, with upholstered seats, boxes, parquet, dress circle, &c., and affords superior accommodation to minstrel troupes and first class entertainments of all kinds. Address THOS. FAWELL, Agent. 37-17t*

PIKE'S
NEW OPERA HUOSE,
CALAIS, MAINE.
Open Dec. 17, 1872, for Dramatics, Lectures, Concerts and other first class amusements. This House has drop curtain and six sets of scenery, two splendid dress rooms with ante-rooms is lighted with gas and is on ground; will seat 1,000 persons. Population of the city and adjacent towns is about 16,000. Communication by rail to all parts of the world. W. W. PIKE, Proprietor. 34-13t

LATEST COMIC SONGS.
Grime, Little German Band, Courting in the Rain, Starry Night for a Ramble, Dolly Dot, Little Dickey Birds, Number Seven, Sitting Behind the Door, Strolling on the Sands, Mother Says I Mustn't, Awfully Clever, Ten Thousand Miles Away, That's Where You Make a Mistake, Ven My Band Plays, Military Style, Bold Fisherman, Rucheren, Walking in the Rain, Man That Adores, Sweetest Flower of Home, Limerick Boy, Nigel Bauder's Party, Don't Give the Name a Bad Place, Down in a Coal Mine, Good Bye, Charley, Up on the Grand Parade. Sent post paid. Price 30c. each.
38-4t* 86 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

GRANDIN OPERA HOUSE,
TIDIOUTE, PA.,
will be completed by Nov. 1st, and can now be engaged from and including that date. House seats 650. Fine stage, elegant scenery, good dressing rooms, and is first class in every respect.
Tidioute is located in the best section of the oil region, and is one of the best show towns in the state. Prices of admission—Orchestra, $1; parquet, 75c.; Gallery, 50c.
For particulars, address
38-13t* GEO. H. AHERNS, JR., Manager

SCHROEDER'S
OPERA HOUSE,
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.
It has been thoroughly refitted, and is one of the best arranged and finest furnished Halls in Central Illinois.
Seating capacity, 800, with new Scenery and stage trappings.
FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.
30-13t-tf WM. VAN SCHAICK, Proprietor

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—
All kinds of MAGICAL APPARATUS, simple and complicated. SEND A STAMP FOR THE NEW PRICE LIST,
745 Broadway, also 320 Broadway, after Dec. 1st.
The only place in the United States for new articles.
38-4t* M. HARTZ.

MASONIC TEMPLE,
CORNER OF FOURTH, JEFFERSON AND GREEN STREETS,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
The above hall, having recently been re-fitted and re-modeled, NOW THE MOST CAPACIOUS HALL
IN THE SOUTHWEST
FOR PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.
It will seat comfortably in private boxes, parquet and gallery, 1,200 persons. The stage is 60x30 feet, with seven dressing rooms. The decorations are crimson and gold. There are twelve sets of new and beautiful scenery, with an elegant drop curtain, acknowledged to be the handsomest in the west. All brilliantly illuminated with gas. The hall, for sound, is second to none in the country. This hall may be rented
BY THE DAY OR WEEK
FOR ALL RESPECTABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.
For any information concerning terms, &c., address the undersigned, stating THE CHARACTER of the entertainment.
A. G. HODGES, Secretary and Treasurer
31-26t* Masonic Temple Co.

LEE HALL,
BROWNSVILLE, TENN.
Will seat 800 in chairs. Lighted with gas. City population 6,000. 87 miles from Memphis, on the Memphis and Ohio Railroad.
JOHNSON, WINSTON & CO., Proprietors.
Licensed. 30-13t*

BRAINARD OPERA HOUSE.
S. BRAINARD'S SONS.....Proprietors
THIS POPULAR AND CENTRALLY LOCATED
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
(formerly Brainard's Hall) will hereafter be under our sole management, and will shortly be re-opened as a
FIRST CLASS THEATRE.
Entirely re-fitted throughout, with new and enlarged stage, new scenery, properties, &c.
Stars, combinations, &c., desiring engagements, should address us at once.
S. BRAINARD'S SONS.
30-1t Proprietors Brainard Opera House, Cleveland, O.

THEATRICAL WARDROBE
For sale. Properties and Plays, for sale. List of Dresses, Catalogue of Plays and full Price List sent on receipt of stamp. Address,
JAMES F. CROSSEN (Care of Beavey).
31-13t* 654 Broadway, New York.

JUDAH'S HALL,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
This beautiful new hall, in Judah's Block, near the Custom House, a Third street, seats, with chairs, 1,000 people; has gallery, stage, line drop curtain and scenery, dressing rooms, private boxes, footlights, and is easy of access; well ventilated and lighted. For rent, day or night, week, month or five years, for concerts, minstrels, lectures, dramatic or any other respectable entertainment.
34-7t* Address W. JUDAH, Proprietor.

THE GREAT
KIRALFY
TROUPE
AND
TRIPLE MONSTER
COMBINATION
PANTOMIME, BALLET
AND
EUROPEAN SPECIALTY
COMPANY,
INCLUDING THE WORLD RENOWNED
KIRALFYS!
FROM THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, N. Y.
MLLE. HANIOLA, MESSRS. IMRE AND BOLOSSY KIRALFY, MLLES. EMILIE, KATIE, RIE AND ELSIE KIRALFY,
ASSISTED BY THEIR MOST ACCOMPLISHED PREMIERE DANSEUSES, MLLES. RAYMOND, HUNT, EUGENIE AND LEONIE.
THE CELEBRATED GRATZ FAMILY,
The originators of the "CAT DUET" and most eccentric Tyrolean singers of the age.
THE JEE BROTHERS,
The most wonderful performers of the Nineteenth Century, in their Musical Rocks, and in the entertainment,
"LE CHAPEAUX DE DIABLE."
MONS. VELARDE,
The original harlequin of the famous Ravels, the best now living.
J. F. RAYMOND,
The celebrated English comic dancer and pantomimist, in his specialty as Tom Tom, the fop, etc.
WILLIAM EUNICE,
The French character pantomimist, in his wonderful changes.
MLLE. KIRALFY,
The charming Columbine, in her original character as Goody Two-Shoes, which she has played 313 nights at the Olympic Theatre, New York.
MISS ADA HARLEY,
The accomplished fairy queen and burlesque artiste.
Master ARNOLD, as Lackey of Tom Tom.
MESSRS. ARDOT, PERTO, EDDIE AND BONDY,
And a full and efficient troupe of artists.
HARRY JEE, as Clown.
WILLIAM JEE, as Pantaloon,
in the
New edition of the spectacular ballet pantomime
of
HUMPTY DUMPTY,
In which all the original
KIRALFY'S HUMPTY DUMPTY SENSATIONS
will be introduced.
THE KIRALFY PANTOMIME, BALLET AND EUROPEAN SPECIALTY TROUPE
Is acknowledged by all the press and public, where they have performed, to be
THE BEST TROUPE,
WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION,
NOW TRAVELING.
Having, as such, carried away the laurels of the grand PANTOMIME BATTLE IN CHICAGO.
Every member of this troupe is an artist of high order, and every part is rendered so perfectly as to make it a GRAND SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE which cannot be equaled by any other troupe.
COSTUMES, newly imported, are
THE MOST BRILLIANT EVER SEEN ON ANY STAGE.
THE TRICKS,
LEAPS,
VAMPIRES,
TRAPS,
AND
SCENIC EFFECTS
have been made expressly by
JOHN DUNHAM,
Late of Wallack's Theatre and Tammany, New York, now chief machinist with the above company.
M. ALBERT AND EDDIE.....Property Masters
SIG. SARTORY.....Chief of Orchestra
IMRE & BOLOSSY KIRALFY.....Proprietors and Managers
R. FITZGERALD.....Advance Agent
The WONDERFUL TROUPE OF ARTISTS will perform in Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 16th, 17th and 18th; Toledo, O., 19th, 20th and 21st; and perform at Detroit, Mich., one week from Dec. 23d. Managers will please address to me at the above date.
39-1t* IMRE KIRALFY.

TO MANAGERS
OF FIRST CLASS THEATRES,
FOR THE SEASON 1873-74.
The KIRALFY BROTHERS beg to announce that they will start on their European tour in search of the
GREATEST LIVING ARTISTS AND SPECIALTIES,
ON OR ABOUT THE 1st OF MAY, '73.
The object will be to bring to the United States a troupe of novelties that shall surpass any other imported before. No money will be spared by the KIRALFY BROTHERS, and having the facility of knowing all the European continent, all the profession, and being masters of
SIX LANGUAGES,
they trust that they will be as successful as in their first importation of artists and stage display, which made their success in New York so great during the run of HUMPTY DUMPTY at the Olympic Theatre.
SPECIAL AGENTS
HAVE BEEN ENGAGED,
AND ARE ALREADY IN EUROPE
FOR THIS PURPOSE.
But no artist will be engaged unless examined and seen personally by the BROTHERS KIRALFY.
MANAGERS
ARE REQUESTED
TO MAKE THEIR DATES WITH THE
KIRALFY'S
NEW EUROPEAN TROUPE
BEFORE APRIL 15th, '73,
as they will be in Europe during the summer, and return with THEIR NEW TROUPE
ON OR ABOUT SEPT. 1st, 1873.
Address to KIRALFY BROTHERS,
225 East 20th street N. Y.
Or to reach the KIRALFY TROUPE at the above dates. 39-1t*

OUR MOTHER.
A DOMESTIC SENSATION DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CELEBRATED COMEDIAN,
DICK CARROLL,
AND HIS THREE WONDERFUL SONS,
EDDIE,
THE GENERAL
AND
LITTLE DICK,
BY CHAS. H. FLEMING,
OF BALTIMORE, MD.
The drama is replete with NEW AND ORIGINAL INCIDENTS and EFFECTS of every gradation, from the DEEPLY TRAGIC to the BROADLY COMIC, arranged and combined in the most harmonious manner, without any straining for or working up EFFECTS, which are of the MOST EXCITING AND INTERESTING CHARACTER, and yet are probable and in their natural place.
ALL THE GREAT SPECIALTIES of the CARROLL FAMILY, Irish, Negro, and Eccentric Comedy Acts, for which they are renowned as the most ARTISTIC and WONDERFUL performers in the PROFESSION, are introduced in appropriate places, and with correct surroundings.
The DRAMA, for simplicity and beauty of construction, powerful diction, strong and original situations, rapid action, amusing and sympathetic character, and in fact all the qualities that tend to make a beautiful play, is far superior to any of the
MODERN SENSATION DRAMAS
written for special stars.
It will be played for the FIRST TIME at the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., the week commencing MONDAY, DECEMBER 23d, and through the Christmas holiday week.
For time apply to N. D. ROBERTS,
Agent Dick Carroll Family,
39-2t Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill.

THEATRICAL
AND SHOW PRINTING.
SHOW CARDS. POSTERS. CHROMOS
PORTRAITS Lithographed in artistic style. Posters, superior to wood cuts and as cheap. Chromos, suitable for premiums, in large or small quantities.
HENRY A. THOMAS,
President and Artist.
38-4t* American Chromo Co., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
SIG. CHARVAT,
GYMNAST AND EQUILIBRIST,
can be engaged for the
COMING TENTING SEASON.
BUSINESS.—CRYSTAL PYRAMIDS, LIGHT AND HEAVY BALANCING and HORIZONTAL BAR. Also has a good TRICK DOG. Address F. P. CHARVAT,
38-3t* Galesburg, Ill.

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
JOHN CARROLL,
THE GREAT SHAKESPEAREAN CLOWN, COMIC VOCALIST and COMEDIAN, and WIFE, who SINGS IN CONCERT and RIDES ENTIRE,
are at liberty to make engagements for the coming Summer season of 1873.
Address 87 Dryades st., New Orleans, La. 38-3t*

THE PUBLIC LEDGER, MEMPHIS, TENN.,
has the most complete Show Printing office in the south, and duplicates New York prices, thus saving to traveling showmen express and telegraph charges and time. Address
33-13t* E. WHITMORE, Proprietor.

TO ADVANCE AGENTS
AND MANAGERS.
R. W. OFFUTT,
GENERAL BOOK AND NEWS DEALER, AND THEATRE TICKET OFFICE, IN THEATRE BUILDING, MONTGOMERY, ALA.
Your attention is called to the fact that, being located in Theatre Building, in central part of the city, 2 doors from P. O., I propose to sell (as heretofore) Reserved Seats and Tickets (FREE OF CHARGE) for all first class amusements visiting Montgomery. I will give information, gratis, to Advance Agents and Managers in regard to hotels, departure and arrival of R. R. trains, etc. Will furnish Doorkeepers, Ushers, etc., when desired.
Those desiring information in advance of arrival in this city will receive immediate attention by addressing me to Box 180 P. O., and enclosing stamp.
New York Clipper of latest date on hand. 38-4t*

CONCERT HALL,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE 12th, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The best and most popular Hall in the city, having been frescoed, painted and thoroughly renovated, is now open for engagements for Concerts, Lectures, Fairs, and also for all first class Traveling Exhibitions. Can be rented by the day or by the week on reasonable terms. For particulars address
W-4t* F. A. LUTTEMAN, Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

ATHENÆUM, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

On the Ground Floor, facing the Capitol.

I take great pleasure in recommending the Athenæum as being indisputably the best theatre, both as regards location and accessories, in Columbus, having given both houses a fair and impartial trial.
FRANK P. DORSON,
Manager
Wallace Sisters.

Its seating capacity and voluminous stock of scenery are all that one could wish. * * * * A most complete theatre in every respect.
GEO. L. FOX.

I have leased the Athenæum, Columbus, O., for a regular theatrical season during the session of the legislature. Stars and Combinations played on liberal terms.
Traveling troupes can rent the Athenæum as usual during my season, in which case my company will be played in adjoining cities for the nights so engaged. [30-13t*] H. J. BARGENT.

The acoustics are excellent, and M'lle Nilsson and all the members of my troupe are very much pleased with it.
MAX. STRAKOSCH.

You have certainly given the Columbus people the best furnished and finished stage and appointments they have ever seen in their own city.
JOHN A. HILSLER.

If I should again visit Columbus, I should most assuredly endeavor to play in your house again. The situation is most excellent.
MARK SMITH.

Tights, Shirts, Trunks, Caps,
HARLEQUIN AND CLOWN SUITS,
LONG STOCKINGS, ETC.
ALWAYS READY AND SENT C. O. D.
Send for a Circular, Inclosing Stamp.
UNION ADAMS & CO.
637 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Theatrical Supply,
AT
BLOOM'S, 338 BOWERY, N. Y.
All shades of SILKS, SATINS, MOIRES, VELVETS, PLUSHES, &c., at popular prices. We are offering unusual bargains in Real and Imitation LACE, viz.:—BLACK and WHITE LACE FLOUNCINGS, and OVERSKIRTS to match. CAPES, FICHUES, SACQUES, SHAWLS, ROTUNDES, &c., all of the latest designs and at prices to defy competition.
Nouveautes in FRENCH GILT, PEARL, SHELL and JET JEWELRY.
Orders from all parts of the country promptly attended to.
32-26t* I. BLOOM & BROTHER.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS,
MR. AND MRS.
A. O. MILLER,
AFTER TEN YEARS SUCCESS IN THE NORTHERN AND WESTERN STATES,
are now on their first visit to the south and southwest, supported by a full and
Efficient Dramatic Company.
THEIR REPERTOIRE INCLUDES
TRAGEDIES,
COMEDIES,
AND ALL THE
SENSATIONAL
PLAYS
OF THE
DAY.
37-3t*

GRAND SOUTHERN CIRCUIT.
WANTED,
A FIRST CLASS COMBINATION
to play a week during the month of January in the following theatres:—
DE BAR'S OPERA HOUSE,
St. Louis, Mo.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Memphis, Tenn.
ST. CHARLES THEATRE,
New Orleans.
Apply immediately to BEN DE BAR,
Opera House, St. Louis,
or JOHN A. STEVENS,
38-3t Opera House, Kansas City, Mo.

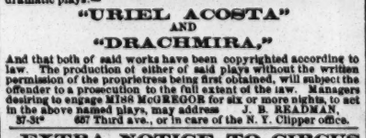
L. W. SEAVEY
604 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
THEATRICAL SCENERY, FRESCO PATTERNS, STENCILS, &c. Send stamp for scenic and fresco catalogue. 35-26t*

OPERA HOUSE,
OIL CITY, PA.
Seating capacity, 1,800. Population of city, 12,000. Best show town between Pittsburgh and Erie.
Parties wishing dates after March 1st, 1873, may address
SAM. T. JACK, Lessee and Manager,
37-26t St. Charles Hotel, Oil City, Pa.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
T. Y. DAY.....Lessee and Manager
NED CAMPBELL.....Stage Manager
OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
The largest and best paying variety theatre in the west. Artists of acknowledged ability in the variety profession can always secure open dates by addressing manager, as above. 37-3t*

TO MANAGERS.
AGNES McGREGOR
hereby notifies managers that she has purchased from MR. IVAN C. MICHEL all his right, title and interest in the following dramatic plays:—
"URIEL ACOSTA"
AND
"DRACHMIRA,"
And that both of said works have been copyrighted according to law. The production of either of said plays without the written permission of the proprietress being first obtained, will subject the offender to a prosecution to the full extent of the law. Managers desiring to engage Miss McGREGOR for six or more nights, to act in the above named plays, may address J. B. READMAN,
37-3t* 667 Third Ave., or in care of the N. Y. Clipper office.

EXTRA NOTICE TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
W. C. BROWN, WIFE (late Madame Louise Tourniaire) AND
LITTLE MOLLIE BROWN
THE GREAT AND ONLY GIRL SOMERSAULT AND PIROUETTE RIDER IN THE BUSINESS,
can be engaged for the season of 1873 by responsible managers. Address at their home, 86 Harrison street, Frankford, Pa. 37-3t*



Commences a three weeks' engagement with J. W. CARROLL, Monday, Dec. 30th, advertising JOHN THOMPSON, the modern proteus, who will appear in his great specialty of drama, "ON HAND." Address, in the meantime, care R. BOOTH, Printer, 301 Centre street, New York. 37-3t

STARS AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION, ATTENTION!
COLERICK'S OPERA HOUSE, FORT WAYNE, IND.
Will open on the 1st of April, 1873, with a well organized dramatic company. Stars of acknowledged merit (wishing time during April and May will meet with favorable terms by addressing
H. A. HIGHT, Manager.
WANTED.—A JUVENILE LADY, A SINGING WALKING LADY AND A CHAMBERMAID, who can both dance and sing. Professionals generally will please address
37-3t* H. A. HIGHT, Fort Wayne, Ind.

NEW WESTERN
THEATRICAL STORE,
983 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.
GEORGE S. THURBER,
has always on hand a full and complete stock of Cloaks, Masks, Spangles, Laces, Fringes, Tassels, Stars, Tights, Fancy Shoes, Plumes, Russel Boots, Wigs, Roman Gloves, Foils, Antique Dresses, Brocade Armor Cloth, Studs, Concaves, Striped Stockings, Knee Tights, and everything contained in the Theatrical line. Also a full stock of Pictorial Printing from the LEDGER JOB OFFICE, Philadelphia. E. Francke is always on hand here to make wigs to suit any period or fashion. Goods sent C. O. D. all over the United States and Canadas. Send for Price List. 32-26t*

WANTED,
HUMAN CURIOSITIES,
or tenting season of '73, such as
GIANTS, DWARFS, SKELETONS, FAT PEOPLE, CIRCASSIANS, ALSO GOOD RIDESHOW TALKER.
Address GEO. RICHARDS,
38-3t* Estiler House, Columbus, O.

NEW ORCHESTRA MUSIC
BY G. WEINGARTEN,
THE
STRAUSS
OF AMERICA.
22d (Manhattan) LANCERS, GALOP, "Clear the Road," and 7th VARSOVIENNA QUADRILLE, "Head-in Hand."
Full Orchestra, each, $1; Small Orchestra, each, 50c. Others will follow soon.
J. H. ROSS & CO., Publishers,
38-4t* 1,415 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
MUSKEGON, MICH.
This beautiful theatre to rent by the night or week.
LICENSED.
Apply to R. P. FARREN, Lessee.
38-13t*

PRINCE SADI D'JALMA,
THE MAN OF MYSTERY,
begs most respectfully to inform managers that all applications for his services left unanswered he considered a negative, as his TIME IS FILLED
UNTIL
NOVEMBER, 1873.
HE CONCLUDED A TWO WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT AT THE
SEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE,
PHILADELPHIA,
DEC. 16TH,
and appeared at the
IMPERIAL
BRAZILIAN
HIPPODROME
AND
GREAT CALIFORNIA CIRCUS
(Same city),
MONDAY, DEC. 16TH,
FOR
ONE WEEK.
OPENS
AT
BALTIMORE, DEC. 23D,
Two weeks;
WASHINGTON, THEATRE COMIQUE,
Jan. 13th, '73;
SYRACUSE, BARTON OPERA HOUSE,
Jan. 20th;
PITTSBURGH, TRIMBLE'S,
Feb. 17th;
INDIANAPOLIS, METROPOLITAN,
March 3d.
TENTING SEASON, 1873,
ENGAGED FOR
VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S
GREAT GOLDEN MENAGERIE
where he will introduce, for the FIRST TIME IN AMERICA, his entirely new, comical,
Sensational Specialty. 39-1t*

GRISWOLD
OPERA HOUSE,
TROY, N. Y.
THE ONLY THEATRE IN THE CITY, AND ON THE GROUND FLOOR.
TO LET,
for the spring and summer months, commencing April 1st, 1873, to all first class traveling companies—Dramatic, Minstrel, &c. Capacity of house, 1,750; four private boxes; size of stage, 40x80; ample dressing rooms, green room, &c.; well lighted, well stocked with first class scenery, traps (including "Star" and "Vampire"), &c.
COMBINATIONS desiring the management to furnish the house lighted, with orchestra, stage hands, treasurer, ushers, &c., will be treated with upon liberal terms.
For further particulars apply to MRS. EMMA WALLER,
35-13t Sole Lessee and Manageress, Griswold Opera House.

GIBBONS' HOTEL,
BALTIMORE, MD.
TO PROFESSIONALS GENERALLY.
The proprietor of the above hotel informs the show people that his house is within three minutes' walk of Ford's Grand Opera House, and ten minutes of The Holliday and Front Street Theatres. House is newly furnished; gas throughout.
Terms made easy to suit the times.
S. M. GIBBONS,
33-13t PROPRIETOR.

TORREY BROTHERS
EXHIBITION PRINTERS
AND
ENGRAVERS,
No. 13 Spruce Street, New York,
have added to their extensive collection of
SHOW PRINTING
A SPLENDID TWELVE-SHEET CIRCUS BILL,
A NINE-SHEET MAGICIAN BILL,
GOT UP IN MAGNIFICENT STYLE,
besides their usual assortment of
MINSTREL, MAGICIAN AND VARIETY CUTS,
and the largest amount of
STREAMER LETTERS,
CIRCUS, MENAGERIE AND DRAMATIC,
POSTER AND PROGRAMME ENGRAVINGS
to be found in the trade, comprising not less than
3,000 DIFFERENT SUBJECTS,
adapted to every branch in the amusement line.
CATALOGUES, with price list, sent to order.
Specimens of the bills may be seen on file at the office,
13 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK. 34-13t*

W. DAZIAN'S
THEATRICAL STORE. ESTABLISHED IN 1843.
No. 380 BOWERY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK, has constantly on hand a full line of Silks, Satins, Velvets, Tarletans, Ribbons, Laces, Spangles, gold and silver Trimmings, Fringes, silk and cotton Shirts and Tights, and all materials necessary for costumes and evening dresses. Goods sent to any part of the U. S. C. O. D. 30-13t*

SOMERS & SMITH,
THEATRICAL
AND
Fashionable Boot and Shoe Makers,
278 BOWERY, 278
New York.
TRADE MARK
STYLE, FIT, ECONOMY.
39-1t Orders sent C. O. D.

THEATRICAL
SCENERY
PANORAMAS, BANNERS, AND
SHOWWORK
AYERS & CO., 600 B'dway, N. Y.
37-13t*

BOGAN'S

GREAT PROFESSIONAL SILVER RIM AND ROSEWOOD BANJOS, celebrated for their loud, sharp and brilliant tone, ranging in price as follows:—Silver rim, from $15 to $75 each; rose wood, from $10 to $15 each; plain Banjos, from $8 to $10 each. Professional Tambourines, Bones and all kinds of Musical Instruments sent to any address, C. O. D. Send stamp for catalogue and price list. A deposit must accompany all orders. N. B.—Banjo, Song and Dance, Jig and Clog Dancing taught. Pupils fitted for the stage. On receipt of $1 I will send two written lessons on the Banjo or Dancing, with full directions for practice. Address JOHN J. BOGAN, 100 East Houston street, near Bowery, N. Y. 39-1t

TO CIRCUS AND SIDE SHOW MANAGERS.
JAMES MARTIN & SON,
manufacturers of Circus and Show Canvass, Bunting, Flags, &c.' 114 Commercial street, Boston.
PRICE LIST SENT FREE 31-13t*

REMPEL'S OPERA HOUSE,
LOGAN, HOCKING CO., OHIO.
THIS BEAUTIFUL HALL
is furnished with complete stage and eight full sets of scenery. Has a capacity to seat, comfortably, 1,300 persons. The locality for patronizing exhibitions and theatres is unsurpassed by few in the state. [37-13t*] FERDINAND T. REMPEL, Proprietor.

JIG AND CLOG DANCING
WITHOUT A MASTER.—New edition. Containing 20 steps, fully explained. Any one, with or without a previous knowledge, can learn. Mailed, 50 cents. Send stamp. MRS. J. E. BUCKLEY,
38-13t* 205 West Houston street, New York.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN,
Contracting and Advertising Agent, Paragraph, Catalogue and Newspaper Writer. Permanent address care of Clipper Office. 30-6t

ST. CLAIR HOTEL,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
S. W. CORNER THIRD AND MARKET STREETS.
Centrally located and newly renovated. Only three blocks from all the theatres. Convenient to post office, court house and central business portion of the city. Omnibuses connect with all railroads.
TERMS, $3 PER DAY.
SPECIAL RATES TO PROFESSIONALS.
VALENTINE GREBER, Proprietor.
14-52t*

WIGS! WIGS! WIGS!
IMPORTANT TO MANAGERS, ACTORS AND AMATEURS.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
THEATRICAL WIGS IN AMERICA
can be had of the makers SCHMIDT & POOTHER,
(from Bow street, London), 745 Broadway, N. Y.
GOODS SENT C. O. D. 35-13t*

BERRY'S OPERA HOUSE,
WILKESBARRE, PA.
Admission, 15, 25, 35 and 75c. Private boxes, $10. Wanted—Lady Vocalist, Dancers, Ethiopian, Irish and Dutch Comedians, Song and Dance, Trapeze, Slack Wire and Tight Rope performers, Gymnasts, Acrobats, &c. Those engaging here can effect engagements with a circuit of 5 first class variety theatres. Silence a negative, but write again.
35-26t* JAKE BERRY, Proprietor.

SOUTH ADAMS, MASS.
COLLINS HALL, new, gas footlights, scenery, stage, 12x22; accommodates 600; growing manufacturing town; 4,000 inhabitants; one of the best for concerts and exhibitions in western part of state. Terms reasonable. Address [38-3t*] ISAAC COLLINS.

ATTENTION, SHOWMEN.
Side Show Paintings, Panoramas, and Theatrical Scenery to order. Address COLLINS & CHAMBERS,
38-4t* 238 and 240 Washington avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

THEATRICAL.
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
SHANNON, MILLER & CRANE,
NO. 42 NASSAU LANE, N. Y.
OUR ARTICLES, IN SHAPE AND SYMMETRY AND HOSIERY, CANNOT BE SURPASSED.
A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
SPANGLES, FRINGES, LACES,
GIMPS, TIGHTS, PADDINGS,
HATS, WIGS, SHOES, JEWELRY,
STARS, FOILS, SWORDS, BIRDS,
TASSELS, FLAGS, PLUMES, BANNERS, ETC.,
for Theatres, Circuses, Concerts, Operas, Gymnasiums, Tableaux, Private Theatricals and Fancy Dresses.
MILITARY REGALIA AND SOCIETY GOODS.
Sent C. O. D. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
CLOWN AND GENERAL SUITS
RED CLOGS, $2.50 AND $4 PER PAIR. GIRAFFE HEADS.
PAPIER MACHE WORK, EVERY VARIETY.
BOXING GLOVES, PREPARED BURNT CORK, &c.
NEGRO WIGS.....$1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00
CHARACTER WIGS, from.....$4.50 upwards
FRIGHT WIGS.....$4.50 upwards
WIGS, EVERY VARIETY.....$7.50
AT PRICES ACCORDING TO STYLE.
MOUSTACHES, every kind.....25 cts. and 50 cts.
WHISKERS.....EITHER WIRE OR GAUZE.
.....$1.25 to $2.75 [14-38t*

THE CHAMPION TONED
BANJ